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THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

There is a wide-spread opinion to the effect that American history is comparatively uninteresting. It is a hasty opinion, formed, as a rule, before the mind is capable of a real exercise of judgment in such matters, but, its lodgment in the brain once secured, the notion is difficult of eradication. The average young American of receptive and generous instincts grows up in the belief that the history of England and Continental Europe, even the history of Greece and Rome, is essentially more attractive than the history of his own country, and he studies the latter, if at all, from a sense of duty rather than because it really appeals to his imagination. It is not difficult to understand why this attitude should be so common. There is something peculiarly arid about the ordinary text-book presentation of American history to the children of our schools. In the first place, this presentation is predominantly political, and the child can know nothing of politics in any deep sense. What he craves is color and picturesque quality, and what he gets is a discussion of colonial governments and the problems of taxation. Even the war-episodes in our history offer him a questionable solace, for they gild but thinly the pill of political discussion, and too often serve as a vehicle for the inculcation of prejudices rather than of principles. When the child who has had such an introduction to historical study grows old enough to select his own reading, and finds his way into some library, the appeal made to him by the rich literature of history and poetry and romance that has gathered about the annals of the older world is a hundred-fold as great as the appeal of the meagre literature that clusters about the annals of his own land.

To the trained and mature mind, historical interest is essentially a matter of development, and the study of history affords no delight equal to that of tracing the evolution of some institution, or form of society, or national ideal. But readers of trained and mature minds are comparatively few, and the many who seek pleasure in historical reading demand allurements of a wholly different nature. As far as these more numerous readers are concerned, the essential fact in the philosophy of interest

is contrast, the comparison, implied or explicit, between the life of humanity as known to personal experience and the life of other periods as revealed by the records of the past. Now, Americans are altogether too prone to assume that their own history is not old enough to afford the degree of contrast that makes history supremely interesting; their imagination demands some such fillip as is afforded by grim castles or armored knights or the pomp and pageantry associated with the courts of old-time princes and potentates. This demand, it may be admitted, is not without a certain justification, but we must also remember that contrast is not altogether determined by the lapse of long terms of years. One might go back to the Middle Ages without finding any greater contrast, or any more potent in its appeal to the well-regulated imagination, than is offered the Chicagoan who, in the choicest residence portion of his city, is reminded by a monumental bronze that upon this very spot, in the year 1812, the Indians massacred almost to a man the slender garrison that vainly sought to defend what was then an outpost of frontier civilization. If this simple fact be not sufficient to kindle the imagination, one can hardly escape a thrill upon being told of the brave woman who, with her babe in her arms, was then carried off by the Indians, made to run the gauntlet by her brutal captors, and forced to march from Chicago to Mackinac, and from Mackinac to Ohio—a weary journey of fifteen hundred miles, done for the most part in the dead of winter—saving from death the child, who, to-day still numbered among the living, makes good the claim that the period of a single existence may span the entire history of a community of well-nigh two millions of souls.

In the address made the other day by President Edward G. Mason, at the formal opening of the new home of the Chicago Historical Society, there was probably nothing that excited so great an interest as this tale of womanly heroism and devotion, nothing that brought so vividly to mind the significance and the romantic coloring of that history of the Northwest with which the Society is chiefly concerned. And the surroundings of the speaker were well calculated to deepen the impression thus made. Memorials of kings and soldiers, of statesmen and priests, all associated with the region in question during the French, English, and American phases of its history, were about the speaker on every side, and heightened the effect of the living words with which the pano-

rama of Northwestern history was unrolled by him. The portraits, the autograph letters, the bronze reliefs of Indian worthies, the historical paintings, the maps and charts, the books and pamphlets, the relics of every imaginable sort, that make up the collections of the Society, and the noble building which is the storehouse of all these things and the home of all who are interested in them, assumed a new and symbolical significance to the brilliant audience that had gathered for this dedication, and that realized more fully, perhaps, than ever before, how the city of the Great Fire strikes its roots deep into the past, and is, in some sort, the historical focus of the territory that stretches all the way from Quebec to New Orleans, a territory which was won from barbarism to become the battleground of conflicting civilizations, and is rich with the memories that give to historical study its salt and its savor.

The Chicago Historical Society has had a chequered existence. It was founded forty years ago, largely through the efforts of the Rev. William Barry, who took a leading part in its work until the time of his death. The organization occupied temporary quarters for twelve years, and then, in 1868, took possession of a building provided by the generosity of friends of the Society. Into this building the collections were removed, and they steadily increased during the three years following, when everything was destroyed in the conflagration of 1871. No one knows fully or exactly what was lost by that disaster, for all catalogues and records were swept away with the collections themselves. The library included over one hundred thousand numbers of all kinds, while the miscellaneous treasures of the Society included many things absolutely unreplaceable. The most precious of these was the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, the librarian nearly losing his life in a vain attempt to rescue this document from the flames. After the shock of this disaster was fairly over, the Society started upon a new collection, but again, in 1874, fire destroyed all that had been brought together during the three years of resumed activity. Nothing daunted, a third start was made, cheered by the devotion of friends, and substantially encouraged by the realization of a large bequest made some years before by Henry D. Gilpin, of Philadelphia, a gentleman whose fortune had been derived in part from early investments in Chicago realty, and who had chosen to express his gratitude in this very acceptable way. Thanks to this be-

quest, and to the gifts and subscriptions of other friends, the Society is now in possession of a building conveniently planned and architecturally satisfactory, a building which is noteworthy among Chicago structures dedicated to other than money-making pursuits, and absolutely proof against the element that once held the city in its grasp. Its officers claim that the building is the only perfectly fire-proof structure in the country, if not in the world. As for its contents, when we consider that they have been brought together within a quarter of a century, they make a remarkable showing; and we should add that this showing is due, more than to any other cause, to the zeal and devotion of President Mason, whose keenness of scent, and persistence, when it comes to running down a portrait, or manuscript, or rare volume, or other document relating to the history of the Northwest, are quite extraordinary, and have resulted in great enrichment of the Society's collections.

The work that has been done by this Society, and that will continue to be done by it, has a farther-reaching significance than at first appears. In the narrower sense, viewed merely as a contribution to the mitigation of Chicago, it has a distinct and positive value. But in a far wider sense, it may be taken as a sign of the movement that has done so much during the past generation to broaden and deepen historical study in American fields. American history may no longer be regarded as a drama worked out upon the narrow theatre of a few sea-board colonies. The monumental work of Francis Parkman has made that view henceforth forever impossible. From this time on we must not only reckon with the English in New England and the Dutch in New Amsterdam, but also with the French in the Mississippi Valley and the Spanish in the Southwest and regions of the Pacific. The march of civilization across a continent must be our theme rather than the sowing of the seeds of religious and civil liberty upon the shores of the Atlantic. Important as that plantation was, we now see it to have been but a small part of the New World history, and our horizons have widened steadily with the enlargement of our knowledge. The Chicago Historical Society is but one of many organizations scattered all over the country, that are engaged in building anew the foundations of American history. With their aid, and with the aid of such private enterprises for the collection of material as are exemplified by the great work of Mr. H. H.

Bancroft, of such noteworthy publishers' undertakings as the forthcoming edition of the "Jesuit Relations," and of the new spirit of critical scholarship that now inspires the study of American history in our universities, the subject is at last taking its proper place in our interests, attracting to itself its due measure of our attention, and winning its deserved recognition as one of the most essential elements in American culture.

COMPOSITE AUTHORSHIP.

Despite proverbial philosophy to the effect that two are better than one, and a threefold cord is not quickly broken, it has by common consent been conceded that in most departments of Art, especially of creative art, a man must work by himself alone. The largest orchestra composed of the most varied instruments may interpret the music of Haydn, but no alien hand can without dissonance add a single note to the composition. Painters and sculptors, as well, find their career a long path which they must tread alone.

And yet, as if to show that no rule can be so complete as to avoid exceptions, we have constantly with us the anomaly of Composite Authorship. This anomaly, however, has its limitations. No epic worthy of the name, or lyric even, can lay claim to a multiple paternity. Those unconscious accretions of harmonic folk-lore, which have given us the older national ballads — and, according to some scholars, Homer himself — can scarcely be regarded in the light of composite productions. It is safe to say that all the poetry and most of the prose that constitute literature have been in each case of note the work of a single hand. To this rule dramatic literature offers a conspicuous exception, and we have numerous instances where drama distinctly so-called, or poems of a dramatic character, have been the product of differing personalities. The reason is obvious: so many works of art require for their development a homogeneousness of conception involving the greatest concentration on the part of one man — a homogeneousness that would be marred by extraneous suggestion or alien interference. Dramatic art, on the other hand, implies a versatility of conception all its own. Comedy is taken from the epoch of marriage, which is in the early centre of life; tragedy deals with the sudden ending of life, usually at maturity — each with its appropriate *dramatis personæ*. Given the raw material, which is the same with all peoples and in all languages, — the heavy father, the inevitable villain, the *futurus-futura* lovers, and all of what might be termed the living properties of the stage, — the task is to evolve from these ever-recurring elements new situations grave or gay. It is easy to see how such labor might be lightened by the conspiring hand of an

associate author bringing to the work widely differing views and personality.

In France it is by no means uncommon to find plays written by two, three, or more co-laborers, which fact seems to confirm the impression that the French are essentially a dramatic people. The reason for such prevalence naturally gives rise to conjecture: Are the French less captious than other people? How do they manage in this combination to assuage those jealousies so common among authors elsewhere? I can only reply, that as lawyers who are habitually pitted against each other in verbal combat are notoriously the most fraternal among themselves, so, perhaps, this nation of duellists, whose contentiousness and punctilio have long been a proverb, may present a similar anomaly. Are they not better able to agree to disagree than are any other?—better able to lay aside punctilio and private feud, when the occasion is the consideration of artistic truth? There were two brothers in dramatic art, both Alsations, and the one peculiarly complementary of the other; that is to say, one was what is popularly called a genius,—at all events, his fecundity and facility were remarkable,—but he greatly needed the restraining hand of his partner in labor. Need I mention Erckmann-Chatrian?

A remarkable instance of composite authorship is found in that fascinating fairy tale for adults, "Foul Play" by Reade-Boucicault. Much of its great success is attributable to the extraordinary versatility of its authors. Two men more unlike in aim and effort could scarcely be conceived. I had it from Mr. Boucicault himself that this literary team began with alternate chapters assigned to each author. Later on, they agreed to a sort of competitive effort in which each should in turn write the story into a dilemma of unsurmountable difficulty, leaving the solution to his successor; each author was thus on his mettle, and the combined result was a series of stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes which possess an inherent flavor of variety and make all readers young again in memory of "Robinson Crusoe." Many times did those rival authors rub their gleeful hands at the plight in which the story should be found by him who followed. For instance, in the elaboration of the plot it becomes necessary to diffuse information over a distance of some thousands of miles of sea, in order that a pair of castaway lovers might be duly rescued. Here Mr. Boucicault rests his case. But the redoubtable Charles Reade, nothing daunted, contrives to fasten the pregnant missive—not to the neck of a dove bound to Holy Land, as in Crusading times—but to the leg of a wild duck in whose speed and staying powers he had confidence: and so, the story and the lovers prosper.

The combining of differing personalities in dramatic authorship is easily accounted for: Most literary men, having but scant knowledge of stage traditions and requirements of the stage, are obliged to call to their aid others who possess precisely the knowledge which they lack. For this reason, Bul-

wer, for example, was constrained to associate himself with the most eminent actor of his day, Macready, under whose management and suggestion he re-wrote "The Lady of Lyons," the most popular of modern plays.

Instances of joint authorship in American letters are rare, especially in high places, and, so far as I know, are not very successful, except perhaps in the lower walks of the drama. In this department of art there are, I regret to say, too many cases of a literary partnership rather ignoble in its character.

Allusion has been made to the securing of variety and novelty through joint authorship; it is like that combination of alien elements, say copper and zinc, needed to produce the galvanic spark—not to forget withal that an added element of mercury in the helix may quicken and intensify that same spark. "In joining contrasts lieth love's delight," exclaims Sheridan Knowles. For "love" read "melodrama," in the application to our subject. It is a pleasure—nay, a luxury—to "hunt in couples," especially when the outcome is profitable as well as agreeable. I recall at the present moment such an instance of the dual number in authorship, which owes its success to the different tempers of those composing the partnership. Moreover, being friends, they find in this exercise an admirable means of working off such small ferments and *desagreements* as in any other situation might prove inconvenient or even divisive. The opposite of each other in every particular, including sex and nationality, their views differ on almost all subjects except such as relate to their art. Every matter of technique, every question of literary propriety, lies open to discussion, which, though it may sometimes be strenuous, is always profitable. Their varying views afford the "spice of life"; and after a period of wholesome storm and stress devoted to their modest muse, they emerge whole-hearted, happy—and, as before, the best of friends.

S. R. ELLIOTT.

THE FAIRY TALES OF THE RACE.

Who told them first, the poet or the sage,
These fairy tales that run from age to age?
The children of the North and of the South
Repeat them and repeat,—they are in every mouth.

Behold, they were not made as other songs;
No one lone bard have they, but nameless throngs
In Sundered lands have toiled upon the theme,
Whose fabric from the loom flows perfect, without seam:

A perfect whole, yet wrought by hands diverse;
The shadowy warp from India or from Perse;
Then, Greece gave beauty; Scandinavia left
A changeful and a mystic light upon the weft.

Thou simple child, pleased with thy fairy tale,
Thou knowest not what truth it might unveil;
For old it is as are those pictured scrolls
That in Egyptian tombs shall serve returning souls.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

COMMUNICATION.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your editorial entitled "The Great American Novel," printed in a recent issue of THE DIAL, reflects a sentiment which is not mere ephemera — the desire of the American to be adequately represented in universal literature, to the taste and intelligence of the civilized world; the ambition of a people who are making a new trial of political and social living to be rightly understood and justified. Mr. James Lane Allen tells us that the Anglo-Saxon reading public know three gentlemen — Don Quixote, Sir Roger De Coverley, and Colonel Newcome, all types of a high civilization; but that in our own literature there is no American who can rank with these three immortals. "We find him in our biography, in our history, in the army, in the navy, in the university, on the bench; we find him in the leadership of our national life, but we cannot find him as large as life in our fiction." He also offers an explanation. He contends that the writer must be as highly civilized as his characters; that he stands to his work as the mason to his wall; that he may be above the plane of his characters and write down to them, but that he cannot be below and write up, — a disconcerting commentary which suggests painful introspection.

To my own thinking — based upon a reading of American fiction admitted to be impressionable rather than critical, general rather than comprehensive — the Great American Novel has not appeared. It may be that it has come, and that the writer in THE DIAL is hugging a secret, albeit his cautious words imply incertitude. But awaiting enlightenment from the peaks, and disregarding editorial wiles, I assume, perhaps to my ultimate confusion, that this book is not yet born, but that it is looked for, as a lord looks for an heir who shall be the mainstay of his name.

The time has passed when no European reads an American book; but we must confess that one department of our literature — fiction — still remains distinctly provincial. To realize this, we have but to recall the names of those authors who best portray the life of to-day and of a brief yesterday: Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. George W. Cable, Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, Miss Mary Wilkins, Miss Murfree, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and Mr. William D. Howells. The writings of these authors are largely studies — many of them exquisite and perfect in their way — of local temperament, customs, manners, and speech; but we lack the novelist whose sweep is as broad as the continent and whose insight is as deep as the sea, the genius who can synthesize the emotions and aspirations of that vast human amalgam, that new ethnic product, known as the American people.

THE DIAL insists that the representative novel must be imbued with the passion of a true democracy; that it must gain color and strength from political motive, and thereby touch one of the most representative chords of our national character; that, ethically, it must be worthy of a nation whose civilization is based upon Puritanism; and that it must make the reader "feel how far the true aristocracy of heart and intellect overshadows the sham aristocracy of wealth and of social position, won by 'smartness,' that distinctively American vice." All this ground is well taken, but I beg to suggest that the way to it is difficult and full of pitfalls.

A novel which attempts to delineate the life of a great people, dealing with their political, social, metaphysical, and religious expressions and tendencies, may easily degenerate into a mere exploitation of theory, into a political pamphlet or a didactic treatise. However original and unconventional the author may be, he will be bound by the one canon of his art which appears to be fundamental and inviolable. The serious purpose of the novel is to amuse. It must interest; it must make the reader forget the dining and the retiring hour. "If it does not," to quote a dictum of Sydney Smith, "story, language, love, scandal itself, cannot save it." It is certain that the work in question must be suffused with one quality which permeates the nature of the whole American people and makes them preëminent of all peoples — a subtle and abundant humor. Devoid of this, it would be no true American book. Humor is a powerful auxiliary of our democracy, and he who would interpret us must possess it and reckon with it. The innumerable contributions and clippings, the scintillations of wit and fun, which appear in the columns of the ten thousand newspapers of the United States exert an enormous social influence. The American press is nothing if not satirical; but it is rarely inane. Its humor is intelligent. This humor does not consist in grinning through a horse-collar, nor does its laugh suggest the vacant mind. If it is sometimes vulgar, it is also pointed; and "many vulgar things," says Lord Bacon, "are often excellent good." Our busy-body press invades the home, the marital relation, the courts, the camp, the church, the hovel, and the mansion, with entire impartiality. It displays a genial sensibility to human whims and oddities, notes incongruities, mental and moral, and is the sleepless foe to falsehood, sham, impudence, affectation, pomposity, hypocrisy, and cant. It delves into all social and political differences, ridicules exaggerated fears, stills passionate storms, and helps to tide over crises. It turns a white light upon the characteristics of all classes, sects, and races, leads us to know one another, and thus assists to assimilate a nation.

Recurring to the theme, I agree with THE DIAL that politics should be a leading motive of the new novel. He who would thoroughly explore the extent and force of it in a people whose mind is an horizon, who would realize their vast potentialities for good and evil, must go back a little to the heroic period, to the tumult of civil war, when two civilizations met in conflict, the one modern and the other feudal, when men were marshalled by soul-compelling issues into armies that had empires in their brains. It requires a Michelangelo to picture that epoch — a universal soul. The pedant and the particularist may go their way. After the stress and destruction of war came an era of new industrialism, an insweep of materialism, of selfish individualism, an amassing of wealth colossal beyond compare, the division of society along economic lines, the aristocracy of wealth, the wage-earning class, corporations, trusts, corrupt special legislation, strikes, lockouts, federations of labor, and socialism. American society is pushing the law of evolution to its limit; it is undergoing changes, kaleidoscopic and complete; and it is doubtful if the several epochs of our history can be treated together or by the same hand. The civilization of to-day differs greatly from that of the last generation, and a gulf wider than the centuries separates it from the Colonial period. Puritanism has been spun out to an exceeding fine fibre, although it may still be seen in the woof.

The adjustment to new social and economic conditions

means the brewing of another storm which may involve institutional wreckage. The future is big with events, and their course will in some wise be affected by the conduct of our growing aristocracy of wealth. The vulgarity of this class, their ostentation, immorality, and abasement before European social idols, are making them a byword of contempt the world over. That there is dignity and nobility in simplicity is a lesson which they have not learned. Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and William E. Gladstone are types of men whom they do not understand. It is the Disraelis who appeals to them,—he who changes his name as though he were ashamed of it, and cross-garters himself like a Malvolio. The pernicious influence exercised by our garish plutocracy in imitating the follies and vices of a decadent privileged order is evoking sharp criticism. Mr. Andrew D. White says, in the December "Forum": "It must be confessed that during recent years there have been some conduct of rich men and several careers of rich men's sons fit to breed nihilism and anarchy. Many wild doctrines among the poor may be traced back to senseless ostentation among the rich. Glorification in our press of this woman's 'tiara' and that woman's wardrobe; of this young millionaire's genius in driving a four-in-hand, and that young millionaire's talent in cooking terrapin; of some Croesus buying or begging his way into the society of London or Paris; of social or financial infamy condoned by foreign matrimonial alliances; what wonder that men out of work in tenement houses, or struggling with past-due mortgages on the prairies, should be led by such examples to look at all property as robbery?"

In the same issue of "The Forum," an outsider, Mr. Goldwin Smith, comments as follows: "Few things in social history are more unlovely or more likely to provoke righteous indignation among the people than the matrimonial alliances of the upstart and sometimes ill-gotten wealth of New York with the needy aristocracy of Europe. What must an American workman feel when he sees the products of American labor to the extent of scores of millions sent across the Atlantic to buy nobility for the daughter of a millionaire! The thing is enhanced by the extravagant splendor of the nuptials. Nor are these marriages merely offences against feeling and taste. They are an avowal that American wealth is disloyal to the social principles of the Republic."

It will be the congenial task of the coming novelist, not only to picture the American gentleman, but to vindicate the American woman from degrading misrepresentation. To portray her in all her physical and spiritual grace, her intellectual vivacity, innate refinement, and elevation of character; to differentiate her from those who pose as representative of our country and are accepted as such, the shallow, materialist, tuft-hunting type who crave and obtain social notoriety, whose functions, boudoir, face and figure, jewels and gowns, and intimate clothing, are photographed in the columns of the daily newspaper. Our sham aristocracy of wealth offers a shining mark for the hurtling shaft of satire, a shaft which will penetrate even the hide of this pachyderm. This aristocracy, so-called, is young yet, and unfortified by tradition, and therefore there is reason to believe that it will learn something, that there will be an interval of sanity, and some faint accession of self-respect. May a new and greater Thackeray speed the day.

OLIVER T. MORTON.

Chicago, December 24, 1896.

The New Books.

THE MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH POLITICAL JOURNALIST.*

That the life-story of that fiery radical and stormy petrel of French political journalism, M. Henri Rochefort, is eminently one of adventure and vicissitude, and well-spiced with racy personalia and caustic comments on men and events, goes, as the Gallicists phrase it, without saying. In his preface, M. Rochefort tells (by way of antithetically illustrating his own career) of the wife of a baker with whom his parents dealt, who for thirty-five years hobbled daily at noon from her chamber to the shop, from whence she did not stir until eight in the evening, and who used boastfully to account for the silvering of her locks by saying, "What can you expect? Life is such a rush nowadays!" With M. Rochefort life has indeed been a "rush"—a hurly-burly of ups and downs and capricious turns of Fortune's wheel of which even the worthy bakeress could have formed but a slight conception. He says:

"I have at one time or another experienced nearly every imaginable sensation. For more than a quarter of a century I have been like a man on a switchback railway, continually plunged from the highest summits into the darkest depths."

In one chapter, for instance, we find M. Rochefort borne by the mob in triumph, like another Marat, from his prison cell in Sainte Pélagie to a seat in the National Defence government; in the next, he is dragged in chains to Versailles, and paraded for an hour about the streets of that city amid the execrations of his whilom adherents. "I can still," he says, "bring to my mind's eye the figure of an old man, attired in a closely buttoned frock-coat, who waved a red umbrella, and shouted in the direction of the procession, 'It's Rochefort! Flay him alive this time!'"—and flayed alive the injured apostle of popular rights would perhaps have been had not the gates of his new prison opportunely dammed the rising tide of sansculottism. What a fine satiric stroke of destiny, worthy of the days of '93, would it have been had the radical-republican editor of the *Lanterne* been marched to his fate by his "sovereign people" to the tune of the old cry, "*à la lanterne!*" Saved thus from his "friends," M. Rochefort is presently found in his condemned cell rehearsing the scene of his

*THE ADVENTURES OF MY LIFE. By Henri Rochefort. Arranged for English readers by the author and Ernest W. Smith. In two volumes. New York: Edward Arnold.

impending final exit. Like a true Frenchman, he would fain die with *éclat*; and it will be admitted that M. Rochefort's notion of *éclat* here — or, let us say, of the etiquette of the scaffold — was strictly sansculottic and in harmony with his principles. He says:

"I don't know how I should have died, but I recollected that General Lahorie was executed on the plain of Grenelle with General Malet, and that, turning to the officer in charge of the firing party, he spat in his face and cried — 'There! that's for you and your emperor!' This line of procedure appeared to me to be the correct one, and I had decided to follow it. I should have spat in the face of the commander of the party, and have said — 'There! that's for you, you dirty capitulationist!'"

Fate interposed as usual, however. M. Rochefort was not destined to be shot, hanged, — or even drowned, as the event showed; and we presently view him, a sea-sick yet defiantly abusive political exile, caged (literally) in the hold of a ship bound for the Antipodes (for "the most cannibalistic part" of them, he takes care to say), his solitude relieved mainly by a choice company of convict communards, rats, roaches, etc. How M. Rochefort escaped, like a second Edmond Dantes, from his bleak rock of exile; how he traversed this continent amid a blaze of, as we suspect, rather pinchbeck popularity — for his fame here was tarnished by his alleged complicity in the murder of Archbishop Darboy and in the orgies of the Paris Commune generally; how he turned up, as waspish and aggressive as ever, at London; and how he eventually reached Paris, after the Amnesty, and received a tremendous ovation at the hands of the mob that had recently wanted to "flay" him (probably the red-umbrella'd man was again shouting with the rest), — all this is graphically told in these diverting volumes.

M. Rochefort was born in 1831, and entered the College of Saint Louis at the age of twelve. As a pupil he seems to have been distinguished chiefly for insubordination and an ape-like turn for mischief that early betokened the future firebrand of the *Lanterne*, the *Marseillais* (that "veritable journal of Bashi-Bazouks," he complacently styles it), and the *Mot d'Ordre*. Of scholastic honors we find no mention. "I had not," the writer says, "a pedantic mind." When the revolution of 1848 broke out, the latent spirit of revolt flamed up in the breast of Master Rochefort; and he promptly assaulted his tutor, scaled the College wall, joined the rioters, and marched with a column of the sovereign "unwashed" on the Tuileries — whence, luckily, the "bourgeois king," bourgeois to the last, had already fled in a cab, wisely prefer-

ring that vulgar vehicle to a tumbrel. Success justifies everything. So our truant, instead of being soundly and properly birched by his tutors, as he must have infallibly been at an English school, was "congratulated" on his return and obtained a half-holiday. At this period, says M. Rochefort, "sentimental things alone had an interest for me." "Paul and Virginia" (tabooed at the school for its *profound immorality*) was his favorite book; and he took to turning out verses, "just like turning out boxwood snuff-boxes." One of these productions he sent to Béranger, and was rewarded by that great man (whom he had compared with the republican heroes of antiquity) with the following note:

"Is it true that you are only fifteen years old? Ah, if at that age I had written such well-turned and poetical verse, I should have believed that I was called to high destinies. At fifteen I scarcely knew *orthographe*."

After leaving school, M. Rochefort became a clerk at the Hôtel de Ville, and soon began to write for the journals, notably the *Figaro* and the *Charivari*; and his caustic pen and envenomed assaults on the government soon pushed him to the front, as the most bitter and voluble journalistic Thersites of the hour. "I felt," he says, "a growing horror of the beastly Asiatic despotism in which France seemed to be stewing." We are inclined to think that any government whatever would have seemed a "despotism" in the eyes of M. Rochefort, provided only it prevailed — to prevail constituting the great political crime, as to conspicuously prosper constitutes the great social one, with men of his temperament. An article in the *Nain Jaune* soon involved him in a duel — the second one of a long series — which was preceded by a laughable incident. On the morning of the meeting, as M. Rochefort was preparing to join his seconds, he was surprised by a call from a young actress of the Variétés.

"Is it true that you are going to fight?" she asked, in a concerned manner. "Yes," I replied, quite touched at this mark of interest shown at so early an hour in the morning. "But do n't be frightened; I'm not buried yet." "Oh, I know that; and that's why I have come to beg you to do me a great service." "I'm in a bit of a hurry, but —" "Exactly. Here's what it is. All my comrades at the Variétés have had men fight duels for them. Up to the present time I have n't been able to find a single one to fight for me. In fact, I've always been unlucky." "Well?" "Well! If you would do me a favor, and an enormous favor, you will tell everybody that you have fought the duel on account of me, because a gentleman insulted me. Whether you fight for that or for anything else, what difference can it make to you?" . . . The poor child went off desolate, repeating that she had always been unlucky."

Naturally, Napoleon III., the then political head and therefore *ipso facto* the chief criminal in the country in M. Rochefort's eyes, was the main target for the latter's poisoned shafts. "The Scapin of the Tuileries" is one of his mildest epithets. "Ah!" he exclaims, exultantly, "that unfortunate person of the sovereign. I twisted and wrung it like an old towel. Any weapon was good enough for me to use to sap the respect with which they affected to surround that official dummy." M. Rochefort is right: "any weapon"—from rapier to bludgeon, and from Chassepot to "stink-pot"—plainly seems, on his own evidence, to have been "good enough" for him." Not a few of the samples of the abuse he showered on the persons of Emperor and Empress and their *entourage*, and triumphantly exhibits in his book, are too coarse or too palpably slanderous for quotation here. Others are merely malicious and rather amusing—such as the squib describing how a trained rabbit was habitually set up a few yards in front of the Emperor (who posed as a Nimrod, but seems to have been a sportsman of the "Nathaniel Winkle" order) at the Imperial hunts at Compiègne, and how the sagacious animal pretended to fall dead before the royal double-barrel, only to re-appear a few minutes later to go through the same performance.

The editor of the *Lanterne* was compelled to seek safety in Belgium not long after the establishment of that peppery sheet. This was M. Rochefort's first hegira; and it is needless to say that after each of his several flights he soon turned up again at Paris, prompt and alert to renew his attack on the existing *régime*—whatever it happened to be. We have no doubt that had M. Rochefort, after one of these returns, found, say, the illustrious Bakunin installed at the Tuileries, and the communistic Utopia, free goods, free speech, free love, and the rest of it, actually under way, he would have promptly ranged himself with the opposition, and trained his guns on his former friends. It may be noted that Edmond About, who had plainly gauged his man, once asked M. Rochefort, in the *Gaulois*, "What would happen if the actual *régime* were replaced by his political ideal, and he found himself no longer in a position to indulge his temperament of systematic opposition?" The proper answer to this question is that, M. Rochefort's political ideal being that which is not, and his cardinal principle being "whatever is, is wrong," it would be impossible for him ever to be placed in a position where that

temperament could not be indulged. Let us add that a few years later, when the Commune ruled Paris, M. Rochefort was soon actually chased from the city by the besieged radical "Reds," only to fall into the clutches of the besieging conservative Versaillais, who, on their side, promptly transported him to New Caledonia. Thus, there being two conflicting governments in France, M. Rochefort was in opposition to both of them; and had there been half a dozen, he would doubtless have been the common shuttlecock of all. In fine, he was born to be a thorn in the side of constituted authority.

During his exile at Brussels M. Rochefort was the guest of Victor Hugo, of whom he has much to say in a very readable chapter. M. Hugo's "den" seems to have been a tiny attic, so lightly roofed that the sky peeped through the tiles and the rain occasionally filtered through on the Olympian head of the occupant. A servant, says the author, would have refused to inhabit such a garret; yet it was there that the poet's masterpieces were composed. M. Hugo never sat down, he adds, but composed "while making the four strides to which he was limited by the smallness of his cage." Visitors were strictly excluded from the "cage" during working hours; but once M. Rochefort was permitted to enter. He says:

"I opened the door of the tiny room, and stepped inside with all sorts of precautions, for fear of treading upon the wet sheets of manuscript which were lying about on the mantelpiece, the bed, and the floor. I approached him like a cat walking on hot bricks. A proof of the rapidity with which he worked was that the ink on the medium-sized, bluish paper he used was scarcely dry before a second sheet was well-nigh completed. I noticed this a score of times. It is true that he invariably wrote with goose-quill pens, which spluttered occasionally, and left undryable blots *en route*. His manuscript was so spaced that each sheet contained ten lines at the outside. I rather indiscreetly asked him how much he had earned when he threw one of his pages of copy aside. 'About a hundred francs a page,' he replied."

The author quotes some interesting observations of the poet's on the value of style, made during a discussion of the merits of Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir* of which M. Rochefort had asked—"How can you explain the success of the book, which has already engrossed two generations?" M. Hugo replied:

"But I'm not engrossed in French grammatical errors. Every time I try to decipher a phrase in your favorite book it is as though I were having a tooth drawn. The only works that have a chance of traversing centuries are those that are properly written. Do you think, if Voltaire's *Candide* were in the same style as *Rouge et Noir* we should still read it? Montesquieu lives because he is well written. M. Stendhal can never

live because he did not conceive for an instant what writing was. Nobody has more admiration than I have for the almost miraculous insight of Balzac. His is a brain of the first order. But it is only a brain; it is not a pen. Style is the art of expressing every sensation by the aid of words. Read Balzac again. You will very soon notice that he is ignorant of his language, and almost invariably fails to convey the excellent things he wants to say. For this reason his hour to sink into oblivion will come much sooner than is thought."

M. Rochefort admits that he found, on experiment, the re-reading of Balzac an impossible, or at least an irksome, task; while as for Stendhal's novel, he says:

"I bitterly regretted, on trying to read it again, that I had not been satisfied with my first perusal as well as with my first impression. I defy any literary man, who has the slightest respect and love for style, to read beyond the third chapter."

We shall take leave of M. Rochefort's book by saying that it is lively, pungent, and engrossing throughout — not, we think, a book likely on the whole to inspire regard for its author, but unquestionably one that few readers will lay aside without finishing. E. G. J.

A MECHANICAL SYSTEM OF INFALLIBLE LOGIC.*

The clamorous volume entitled "Infallible Logic" is heralded by a prospectus only less remarkable than the work itself. We are brought face to face with "one of the greatest intellectual discoveries made since the time of Aristotle,—a system as certain and as infallible in its results as the Multiplication Table," more refined and accurate in its power "to test, weigh, and measure propositions" than are "chemical tests for the detection of impurities in material substances," or "the most delicate balances ever constructed for the purpose of weighing the smallest grains of matter," or the microscope for revealing "objects which are invisible to the unaided eye"; and making insignificant the power of "the largest telescope in enabling us to see the distant stars in space in comparison with the power which this system has to bring to light the latent meanings of complex propositions." This system is infallible; "this system cannot err." We are assured that it is easy to learn, is especially adapted to the "use of lawyers, ministers, teachers, students, and everyone who is interested in the art of reasoning," and, when the system becomes generally known, will, the author believes, "be

* *INFALLIBLE LOGIC: A Visible and Automatic System of Reasoning.* By Thomas D. Hawley, of the Chicago Bar. Lansing, Mich.: Robert Smith Printing Co.

the means of bringing men to a substantial agreement in nearly all the disputed questions in law, theology, political economy, ethics, and kindred sciences." The daily press proclaims the originator of this marvellous system as "the new Lord Bacon," and the world may be supposed to be anxiously waiting to have the miraculous seed sown and bear fruit.

A work appearing under such auspices is likely to receive the neglect or denunciation which it rightly merits. It must be a very eager and dauntless "general reader" who would drive his plough through this hard and stony field; and the hope of becoming an infallible reasoner may well seem less and less alluring as the barrenness of the seven hundred pages through which the author has carried his discussions, chiefly with the desire "to economize the time of the reader," becomes more and more apparent. The critic could hardly be seriously censured, who, disgusted with the extravagant claims made for the work, decides to pass it by with a few contemptuous phrases and spend his energies on something more profitable. It would, perhaps, be unwise to recommend this course as the fairest and most judicious one to pursue; but, in spite of the "infallible logic," when the provocation is great enough it is human to err.

The present reviewer, having found it professionally desirable to cut a path through this tangled mass of underbrush, and being desirous that his own experience of a course which did not run smooth shall be of service to others, has decided to pass in review the main features of the work and to investigate slightly its claims to infallibility. Its author is evidently a sincere and earnest student of logic, with sufficient powers of application and ingenuity to discover and reason out the complex relations involved in logical thought. For the results thus reached he is quite ready to claim a degree of originality that may be true enough when applied to his own mental experience, but is hardly appropriate in view of the accumulated experience of the logical world. He refers to other writers, but seems incapable of assimilating the position of these writers, satisfying himself with a few literal and disassociated citations to support his own views, much as a schoolboy would do in a perfunctory composition. He has found a diagrammatic system for representing the simple relations of terms, propositions, and the ordinary deductive inferences a very helpful device in keeping clearly before him the frequently puzzling statements and conclusions

which premises may yield; and this system of diagrams is the infallible logic. Diagrams very similar in scope and purpose have been used by Venn, Pierce, Marquand, "Lewis Carroll," and others; and while Mr. Hawley uses his diagrams somewhat differently, the only point of originality worth calling attention to is the fact that he uses them less carefully and discriminatingly. Having a very pronounced (and shall we say legal?) tendency for saying everything at great length and with the maximum "padding" of tautologous terms and iterative variations, the author swells his volume to its forbidding stoutness without doing more than showing that his system is capable of expressing and interpreting the ordinary deductive relations treated by modern logicians. A careful examination fails to reveal anything more than this.

We may now investigate the claims to infallibility, and Mr. Hawley's fitness to be a logical pilot, by taking up a few of his own reasonings with no other instrument than the homely but still useful common-sense. On page 32 we find this piece of logic:

"If anyone should fail to see that the proposition 'Salt is chloride of sodium' can be read backward as well as forward, it can be easily demonstrated by using the Law of Excluded Middle, thus: 'Chloride of sodium is either salt or it is not salt.' If we suppose that it is not salt, then, since by our premise, 'Salt is chloride of sodium,' salt would be not salt, which is impossible according to the Law of Contradiction; therefore chloride of sodium must be salt."

The result happens to be true; but this kind of reasoning might lead to curious consequences. Let us apply it to the recent campaign. If anyone should fail to see that the proposition "Those who voted for Palmer were Democrats" can be read backward as well as forward, it can be easily demonstrated by using the Law of Excluded Middle, thus: "The Democrats voted either for Palmer or for someone else." If we suppose that they voted for someone else, then, since by our premise "Those who voted for Palmer were Democrats," those who voted for Palmer voted for someone else, which is impossible according to the Law of Contradiction, therefore the Democrats voted for Palmer,—*q. e. d.* This is an old trap (the catch consisting in the applications of the "or" and the implied "all"), but it is interesting to note that it may be set with new bait. Of course if all propositions were identities, the reasoning would hold, but would be unnecessary. But all propositions are not identities, however convenient it might be for logicians to

have them so. The "infallible logic" constantly insists on shaping all propositions so that the bolus will go down the receptive tract of the "system," woefully distorting them in the process and rejecting as extra-logical all that will not be so distorted. The distinctions between universal and particular statements, and between affirmative and negative, are set to one side as mere "conversational" distinctions; and then it is proved that they must be illogical because they do not readily appear on the diagrams. Surely if logic cannot take account of the actual forms of statements in common use among mankind, it shirks one of its main duties and privileges.

In detecting fallacies our author's success is no greater. He objects to "If all A is B and all B is C, then all A is C," by pointing out that we should accordingly argue "If this rose is red and red is a color, then this rose is a color." In solving problems his errors are numerous. In the problem of section 366, he cites a simple problem and answer, and asserts that the conclusion, which does not agree with his own, is incorrect. It can be very easily shown that the text is right and the "infallible logic" is wrong. In the complex problem of section 910, he fails to get the conclusion altogether, and puts forward as conclusions certain general provisos which the premises have already stated as clearly as was necessary. The stronghold of the "infallible logic" is consistency; but the system is anything but consistent. On page 306 we are told that in this system a certain type of proposition is "never worked backward," although no reason for this is given; but on page 61 this same proposition is read backwards. The same proposition is expressed in one way on pages 62, 303, 346, but in another way on pages 310, 341; while on page 462 we find as the equivalent of a given form an entirely different proposition from that used in the rest of the work. Add to this a great deal of reasoning in a circle, much ambiguity, repeated misconceptions of the statements of the "old logic," great inadequacy of scope, and the list of logical fallibilities embodied in this work would still be incomplete.

But, after all, these details are uninteresting except for the professional student. One fundamental difficulty with the author is the belief that a mechanical appliance will have the same efficacy in the mental as it does in the material world; that if only we could discover how, reasoning would be as easy as breathing. He fails to see that with his diagrams he really

does all the work in order to get the material into shape for the diagram and to interpret it after it comes out. That this is not easy is shown by the fact that the author himself more than once trips up in doing it, and has already issued a postscript of *errata* of this kind; and it is also shown by the wide gaps in many of the "therefores" scattered throughout the solutions of problems. In this respect he is much like the Hibernian hod-carrier who was very joyful over the easy job he had secured, for he had only to carry up the bricks and mortar while the other fellows did all the work. But this objection aside, it has been shown that diagrammatic methods are excellent in simple problems, but inadequate in complex ones; the same conclusions which the author arrives at laboriously and circuitously can be reached most easily by symbolic methods.

Another fatal difficulty is the author's inability to appreciate the difference between what is correct and what is natural. Mere formal correctness is a very estimable quality, but it cannot be made very useful unless it is adapted to the actual nature of the mind's operations. Mr. Hawley believes "that the brain is a thinking machine, and this system represents the mechanical nature of the brain's activity in the reasoning process"; the psychological and the historical survey of man's doings show very clearly that the products of men's brains are very complex and cannot be represented by mechanical formulæ however ingenious.

The most charitable view to take of Mr. Hawley's essay is to look upon the extravagance of its claims as an example of bad taste and nothing worse, and to look upon his other faults as the natural shortcomings of a self-made man. He has planned his road without assistance from experts, and it naturally will not bear the test of the chain and the theodolite. And, it is not charity, but mere justice, to recognize that he has put into this work considerably more close thinking than could be found in any one of half a dozen "Logics" written within half a dozen years by very respectable professors going over the traditional logic in the traditional way. Mr. Hawley clearly appreciates that the traditional logic is hopelessly defective. Logic as a discipline has sadly degenerated since the days when it held sway as queen of the curriculum. It gave place to studies that bore more intimate relation to the problems of life. John Stuart Mill succeeded in rehabilitating the study of inductive logic as a pursuit helpful to students of science, by showing the intimate

relation between inductive methods and scientific advance. Deductive logic has been regenerated by a small coterie of mathematical students, but their labors have not as yet permeated into the college text-books to any considerable extent. There is still hope that the study of logic may again be seated in the high place which it can worthily fill, if only it shakes off its traditional superfluities and excrescences and appears in a garb suited to the present needs. But this time cannot be hastened by publishing portentous systems of infallible logic; on the contrary, the study of logic must always derive one of its truest and most forcible *raison d'être* from the well-acknowledged fact that it is human to err. JOSEPH JASTROW.

TWO VIEWS OF WALT WHITMAN.*

There are, roughly speaking, three attitudes toward Whitman: that of complete non-acceptance, that of acceptance so complete that it involves the rejection of his opposites like Tennyson, and (thirdly) the attitude of readers who hold fast by the poets whose power and form are equal, readers who are nevertheless able to love and be helped by the crude and powerful work of Whitman without being swept off their feet.

Mr. John Burroughs is of the extreme Whitmanite wing. He admits frankly that he is prejudiced. His estimate is personal. True Whitmanite that he is, he does not try "to get himself out of the way and let humanity judge." He would interpose his pages of comment between the poet and the public. His style echoes that of the chants — except where he uses the conventional language of criticism. There is a bit too much of this; old Georgio Vasari's unsophisticated speech would have fitted better a study of Whitman. Mr. Burroughs repeats some of his ideas and phrases half a dozen times, and then one longs for a little of the "formal art" which the book decries.

Mr. Burroughs's whole-hearted appreciation of Whitman is welcome; it helps us. But one is sorry to see his appreciation of other poets injured. He considers Tennyson a refined pigmy beside Whitman (though these are not his words). The older saying that "Whitman is Emerson turned beast" is changed here to

* WHITMAN: A Study. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WALT WHITMAN THE MAN. By Thomas Donaldson. Illustrated. New York: Francis P. Harper.

the truer, less forcible "Whitman was Emerson translated from the abstract into the concrete." One feels Emerson's conception of the soul to be the vastest yet formed, but there have been vaster souls. One cannot help drawing a like distinction in Whitman's case when his lover exalts him over Wordsworth. "Wordsworth had been my poet of nature, of the sequestered and idyllic; but I saw that here was a poet of a larger, more fundamental nature; indeed, of the cosmos itself. Not a poet of dells and fells, but of the earth and the orbs." That kind of language will tempt people to say that there may be great poets of small things and small poets of great. The antithesis, however, is mainly false, for Whitman is almost as far from being small as Wordsworth's subjects are. Tennyson, Byron, Swinburne, Arnold are all belittled beside Whitman; Shelley's poetry is to Mr. Burroughs "a melodious baying of the moon." To see that "ineffectual angel" as a dog indicates a peculiar pair of eyes.

Mr. Burroughs claims a place for Whitman beside Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and the Hebrew prophets. As a lover of Whitman, I protest. It is not good for him to be praised like that. Homer is unconsciously a great artist all the time, while Whitman is only an artist in the height and heat of rare emotion. Mr. Burroughs speaks of Whitman's "power of identification with the thing contemplated." Compare this power in Whitman and in Shakespeare. In the first, the object becomes one with the thinker; in the second, the thinker becomes one with the object. In the first we see only the radii running into the centre of self, in the second we forget the centre and see the radii touching at myriad points the circumference of human knowledge. Mr. Burroughs uses a similar figure, and brings out well the difference between Whitman and the great impersonal poet. Without wishing to push a figure of speech too far, I think if we had to choose we should prefer to look outward to the circumference rather than inward to the centre. Mr. Burroughs says things which show that his appreciation of Shakespeare, of Dante, of Homer, is lessened by his absorption of Whitman. One fancies him reading them with the intention of seeing that they are not greater than "the good, gray poet." He "wants the sun to rise and set without any poetic clap-trap." May not the sun rise like this?

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. . . ."

"Behold the dawn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Not for Mr. Burroughs—if you take him at his word. Says he: "I always think of a regulation verse form as a kind of corset which does not much disguise a good figure, though it certainly hampers it, and which is a great help to a poor figure." Help a poor poetic figure, verse certainly does; "the usual trappings and dress uniform of poets" do certainly lose impressiveness on little men. But does Shakespeare's "regulation verse form" hamper his figure? One is forced to believe that Mr. Burroughs thinks so. In feeling deeply the wild occasional harmonies of Whitman, Mr. Burroughs has partly lost the power to feel the magic of Shakespeare's verse, the power to rejoice in his immortal marriages of form and spirit. For my part, I would not gain power to feel Whitman at the expense of my power to feel Shakespeare.

Mr. Burroughs, by claiming too much for "old Walt," reminds everybody of what he is not. He really has seen deeply into "Leaves of Grass," and has felt deeply its beneficent power. But for the time being, he looks at Whitman through a telescope and at other poets with the naked eye. He loves Whitman not too well—for that is impossible—but not wisely.

Mr. Thomas Donaldson gives us a charming and intimate account of "Walt Whitman the Man." He tells us things that no one else could have told, and publishes for the first time certain autograph letters and poems of Whitman. Mr. Donaldson's short, direct sentences have an everyday air that befits his point of view. He makes one see clearly that there were "two Whitmans," and does not disguise the fact that he loves the man more than the poet. There is not a gushing word in the book; it is full of firm fact-telling, and the facts told are those welcomed by a worthy curiosity. In private life we see Whitman to be anything but "the savage old man" Mr. Burroughs sees in him.

In his preface Mr. Donaldson tells how Whitman helped him make the book by sending packages of manuscripts, and adds: "He knew I would not bother the public with my views of his work solely, but would rather present the man Whitman in his everyday manner." But Mr. Donaldson's views of the work in the chapter on "Literary Aims" will not bother the public. The views are too just, too true, for that. He says:

"The mysteries of life, unsolved in creation, life and death, can be talked about, and this Mr. Whitman has well done; but they cannot be solved by the human mind. The mystery remains, Whitman or no Whitman."

... His chief hope is to aid man to rely upon himself, and to cast aside fears and doubt and walk forth to the battle of life a self-reliant knight, determined to subdue nature and the elements to his own use and that of his fellows; and to be happy and contented. . . . Expressing no opinion as to his method, one thing I am sure of — Mr. Whitman possessed in a masterly degree true poetic genius."

Few cultivated people who have heard the chants well read — the chants wherein the good gray poet is deeply moved — will question this statement.

In contrast to Mr. Burroughs's slighting attitude toward Tennyson is the tone of Whitman's correspondence with the rugged and refined English poet. The letters here printed show the attraction the two large natures had for each other.

Mr. Donaldson's bit of a book will help Whitmanites to an almost personal familiarity with their poet; and it should make those who "can't stand him" see that his principles do not, in a strong nature like his own, lead to evil of any kind. The book is written wisely and well.

GEORGE C. COOK.

THE DEGENERACY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.*

Much has been said, on both sides, regarding the present condition and outlook of the Afro-American. Most of what has been said has been written by prejudiced observers. It is much, then, to have a thoughtful work by an unbiased foreigner, dealing with a wide range of reliable statistics. Mr. Hoffman, author of "Race Traits and Tendencies of the American Negro," by birth a German, is a professional statistician. His work represents ten years of collection and study.

Just now a notable tendency exists to minimize the importance of racial differences. Ratzel's "History of Mankind" shows this strikingly; and Dr. Brinton, in his latest course of lectures, upon Primitive Religions, exemplifies it completely. Yet it is certain that race differences are real and persistent. Races have been produced by long-continued operation of given conditions upon given masses of population. It makes little difference whether the environment acts selectively or modificatively, in the long run the result is the same; differing environments produce differing races.

*RACE TRAITS AND TENDENCIES OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO. By Frederick L. Hoffman. (Publications of the American Economic Association.) New York: The Macmillan Co.

Race characteristics are physical, mental, moral. Where a race is well-marked and distinct, its peculiar characteristics are astonishingly persistent. When the surroundings of a race vary, one of two things must happen: the race must change to meet the new conditions, or it must die. The longer marked race characters have been fixed, the less likelihood is there of change. It is easily conceivable that race characters may be so strong in some cases that change in a new environment may be impossible and death inevitable. It seems as if most ethnologists might agree upon these few fundamental ideas.

The negro type is ancient. The Egyptian monuments demonstrate its existence four thousand years ago. Unless the physiography of South Africa changes profoundly, the negro type will probably exist there four thousand years hence. Some two hundred years ago, persons of this type were brought to America; new comers have arrived until recently. These persons were property, and valuable property. They were therefore surrounded by an artificial environment, in which — at least to a degree — they flourished. They were fed and clothed, housed and directed. They were protected in a measure from the hostile influences of their new environment; racial tendencies of a destructive kind were held in check by interested ownership. Everyone rejoices that slavery in America has been abolished; everyone admires the moral grandeur of emancipation; everyone must respect the vigorous — if usually unwise and harmful — philanthropy that has sought to help the freed negro. But what are the race traits and tendencies of the American negro to-day? Mr. Hoffman's book answers the question. To many optimistic commonplace thinkers, his answer will be a shock; to readers who recognize the force of heredity and the importance of race differences, it will be food for serious thought.

Mr. Hoffman first studies the simple statistics of population; he then investigates the data supplied by anthropometry, the question of race amalgamation, and the social and economic conditions and tendencies. He claims that there is no danger of future numerical supremacy of the negro in the South. Instead of being rapidly increasing, the negroes are really losing. "He has failed to gain a foothold in any of the Northern States as an agricultural laborer; he has remained in the South; he has failed in colonization." There is, however, a dangerous tendency to move from the rural

districts into the cities, and in these cities the negroes concentrate in the most undesirable and unsanitary sections. "The further tendency to concentrate into certain sections of the South, especially those which already possess a preponderating colored population, presents the most serious aspect of the problem."

In his study of vital statistics, the author brings out many interesting facts; he concludes that the negro is at all ages, but particularly at the earlier ones, subject to a higher mortality than the white. "This is largely the result of an inordinate mortality from constitutional and respiratory diseases. Moreover, the mortality from these diseases is on the increase among the colored and on the decrease among the whites. . . . In the struggle for race supremacy, the black race is not holding its own. . . . Its extreme liability to consumption alone would suffice to seal its fate as a race."

Data of an anthropometric kind "prove conclusively that there are important differences in the bodily structure of the two races, differences of far-reaching influence on the duration of life and the social and economic efficiency of the colored man." Such data as are available seem to show that he is degenerating. There is a considerable mass of testimony that "before emancipation he presented in many respects a most excellent physical type, a type even superior to the average white man examined for military service under similar conditions." The freeman cannot and does not guard himself against the destructive influences of his new home as his master could and did guard him.

Study of criminality in the two races gives astonishing results. Of the total prisoners in the United States in 1890, nearly 30 per cent were colored; the negro, however, forms but 11 per cent of the population. The figures examined in detail show that 36 per cent of the homicides, 40 per cent of the rapes, and 39 per cent of the assaults in our country were due to this 11 per cent of population. Some, perhaps, may think that this result is due to prejudice against negro criminals in Southern States. Nowhere has the black man a better chance than in Pennsylvania. Yet there 16 per cent of the male prisoners and 34 per cent of the female prisoners were colored, while the population percentage of blacks was only a fraction over 2 per cent. In Chicago nearly 10 per cent of the arrests in the years 1890-94 were of colored persons, while only 1 1-3 per cent of the pop-

ulation were such. Conditions of life and bad social opportunities cannot be urged in excuse. In Chicago the conditions of life for Italians, Poles, and Russians are fully as bad as for the blacks, but their criminality is much less. The difference is *racial*.

Where are the happy results of the schools? The church membership and school attendance of the blacks constantly increase; but "in the statistics of crime and the data of illegitimacy the proof is furnished that neither religion nor education has influenced to an appreciable degree the moral progress of the race." In Jamaica the illiteracy of the negroes has rapidly decreased since the year 1861; but Mr. Smeeton in his official report says: "An ever-increasing educational force has been . . . in operation without apparently any cleansing away of this social cancer" (illegitimacy).

Economically, the free negro is not a good laborer. Supervision is necessary to secure adequate service. Doubtful benefit accrues to any community from negro ownership of land; as a farmer, the negro is usually too shiftless to try for more than a bare livelihood. After as complete a study as the material at hand permits, of the negro as laborer, tradesman, capitalist, Mr. Hoffman says: "It is not too much to say that if the present tendency toward a lower degree of economic efficiency is persisted in, the day is not far distant when the negro laborer of the South will be gradually supplanted by the immigrant laborer from Europe."

What can be done? Not much. But faith in school-book education as a means of grace must die. The negro must be taught that honesty and purity are necessary; that continued industry is the price of life. Less petting and more disciplining is needed; fewer academies and more work-benches. Recognition of difference between white men and black men is fundamental. The desire and effort to turn bright black boys into inefficient white men should cease. It is imperative that we demand honesty toward the negro and decency from him. But we may expect the race here to die and disappear; the sooner perhaps the better. If the race is capable of adjustment to American surroundings, time will solve the difficulty kindly; if it is not, time will still solve the difficulty — but severely.

FREDERICK STARR.

RECENT FICTION.*

Everyone who has been in Rome knows the little church of Domine Quo Vadis, in the Appian Way, and has heard the legend by which its name is accounted for. In taking the "Quo Vadis" of this name for the title of his new romance, the great Polish novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz has indicated, without any further ceremony being needed, that his work is a study of Roman life in the days of the early Christians. More specifically, it is a romance of the reign of Nero, and deals, for the most part, with the events of the fateful year 64, the year of the Great Fire and the first persecution. It is un-

* "QUO VADIS." A Narrative of the Time of Nero. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

WITH FORTUNE MADE. A Novel. By Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A TRAGIC IDYL. By Paul Bourget. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. New York: George H. Richmond & Co.

RODNEY STONE. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CITY OF REFUGE. A Novel. By Sir Walter Besant. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

LIMITATIONS. A Novel. By E. F. Benson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE WHEELS OF CHANCE. A Bicycling Idyll. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FINAL WAR. By Louis Tracy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A CROWN OF STRAW. By Allen Upward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

AN UNCROWNED KING. A Romance of High Politics. By Sydney C. Grier. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE HEART OF PRINCESS ORLA. By Anthony Hope. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

AMYAS EGERTON, CAVALIER. By Maurice H. Hervey. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MISTRESS SPITFIRE. By J. S. Fletcher. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE OTHER HOUSE. By Henry James. New York: The Macmillan Co.

TAQUISARA. By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT (Janus). By Edward Irenaeus Stevenson. New York: American Publishers Corporation.

A TAME SURRENDER. A Story of the Chicago Strike. By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE METROPOLITANS. By Jeanie Drake. New York: The Century Co.

"GOLD." A Dutch-Indian Story. By Annie Linden. New York: The Century Co.

BARKER'S LUCK AND OTHER STORIES. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MAKER OF MOONS. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

STORIES OF A SANCTIFIED TOWN. By Lucy S. Farman. New York: The Century Co.

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN. By Elia W. Peattie. Chicago: Way & Williams.

THE LUCKY NUMBER. By I. K. Friedman. Chicago: Way & Williams.

THE REAL ISSUE. By William Allen White. Chicago: Way & Williams.

deniable that the suggestion of this theme makes an unpleasant impression. We at once call to mind the mawkishly sentimental twaddle of a long series of books by well-meaning but ill-equipped evangelical writers, whose tracts in the guise of historical fiction have done their worst to pervert the splendid possibilities of the subject of early Christianity. The atrocious taste and the historical recklessness of such books as Dean Farrar, for example, has devoted to this subject make the reader hesitate about having anything to do with it. Let us say at once, then, that Mr. Sienkiewicz writes from the standpoint of the historian of culture who is at the same time an artist, and not from the standpoint of the sectary or the apologetic tractarian. "Marius the Epicurean" is not farther removed in spirit from the Dean Farrar sort of book than is "Quo Vadis." And we may register the impression, *en passant*, that the Polish novelist may have read Pater's classic and been influenced by it, although the aims of the two writers are as unlike as possible, the greatest imaginable contrast existing between the delicately philosophical method of the one and the concrete, vivid, and robust treatment of the other. Having thus sought to remove a prejudice that might deprive "Quo Vadis" of some of the readers it ought to have, we do not hesitate to declare this work one of the greatest historical novels ever written. As a romance of the world of classical antiquity its position is almost unique. In seeking for works with which to compare it, we naturally bring to mind two classes of books, the one represented by "Hypatia" and "The Last Days of Pompeii," the other by such products of the German school as the classical novels of Herren Ebers, Hamerling, and Dahn. Now, the books of the former class, fascinating as they are, suffer from their lack of historical insight and their burden of rhetoric; while the books of the latter class, although written from fulness of knowledge, are so devoid of dramatic and literary inspiration, so mechanical in their structure and action, that they are not easily readable at their best, and at their worst, are appalling examples of everything that works of fiction should not be. It is the distinction of "Quo Vadis" to embody the best qualities of both these classes of novels, and to be relatively free from their defects. The author has so worked himself into the life of the Neronian period that he can make us see it from the inside; his knowledge of Roman history and literature is ample and so thoroughly assimilated that he is able to invest this romance of antiquity with the same semblance of reality that he has thrown about his magnificent trilogy of the epic age of Polish national history. The historical figures of Nero, of Petronius (who is in many ways the leading character, and whose presentation is a masterpiece of delineative art), of Peter, and of Paul of Tarsus, are drawn with force and insight; the fictitious figures of the lovers — the patrician Vinicius and the Christian maiden Lygia — are creations of genuine vitality; while the descriptions of Roman feasts

and Christian assemblies, of the Great Fire and the ghastly spectacle of the arena, are rich in coloring, and presented with a realism that even M. Zola could not easily have surpassed. In a word, the interest of the book, whether historical, descriptive, or imaginative, is absorbing, and does not flag from first to last. That anyone should have written such a book would be remarkable; that it should have come from the author of the Polish trilogy and "Children of the Soil," and in such prompt succession, is one of the most astonishing facts in recent literary history.

A new novel by M. Cherbuliez is always something of an event, and we are glad that "Après Fortune Faite" has found early translation. The story is of an old Provençal, who has made an immense fortune in America (of course) returning to end his days in his native land. He builds a superb villa, and surrounds himself with all the nephews, neices, and other relatives that he can find. They prove to be a calculating and rapacious lot—with one notable exception—and their attentions to the multimillionaire are so evidently interested that he feels no compunctions of conscience about playing with their expectations much as a cat plays with a captive mouse. Although these parasites have a common greed, they are otherwise admirably differentiated, for M. Cherbuliez is a past master in the art of characterization, although he never maintains for any length of time the creative level. His figures are all drawn from models, and the technique is almost perfect, but we rarely are conscious of the idealizing touch of genius. It must be admitted that, despite all its merits, "With Fortune Made" is an inferior production as measured by the author's own standard. Compared with the masterpiece that came immediately before it, "Le Secret du Précepteur," it shows a falling off in power. Still, it is a book to be grateful for in these days when French fiction is so given over to realism, and eroticism, and psychological analysis. It is a story in the old straightforward sense, and a story told with the skill of one of the most accomplished novelists that France has ever produced. M. Cherbuliez is very far from attaining the stature of a Balzac, for example, yet the predominant thought of his readers, when they have gone through the whole series of his novels, is the wish that they might have them to read over again, so great and varied and cheerful has been the entertainment provided. Whereas we may finish our perusal of the works of some far greater man with a sense of relief that the thing is done once for all, and without the slightest desire to repeat the experience, albeit we are conscious that we have gained a new and permanent mental possession.

M. Paul Bourget does not fulfil the promise of his earlier writings. Equipped with a fruitful method, a remarkable fund of observation, and an unusual gift for delicate analysis, his first successful books seemed to indicate that he might "go far." But the books that followed, although more ambi-

tious in scope, did not exhibit a corresponding increase in power, and we have come reluctantly to admit that his method, his observation, and his analysis remain very much what they were at the outset of his career. The method is rigid, the observation has gained in quantity but not in quality, the analysis exhibits no new subtleties of development. These impressions are, we think, all borne out by "A Tragic Idyl," M. Bourget's newest novel, and we realize besides how narrow and how hopelessly artificial is the world in which his creations move. The types of character that provide the action of this story are uninteresting in themselves, and they have been given us with wearisome iteration by dozens of novelists before. It seems to us that M. Bourget always plays upon the surface of life, attracted by its mere glitter, and that his attempts to plumb the depths are pretences so obvious as to be sure of detection. But he has style, and style will cover a multitude of sins. His style suffers, of course, at the hands of translators, but has in the present instance escaped with less harm than usual.

In style, also, must be sought whatever salvation there may be for the most conspicuous among the young Italian writers of the present day, for Signor d'Annunzio's novels have no other redeeming feature. And since style is untranslatable we may say parenthetically that there is no excuse for putting his books before English readers. They deal with matters that are unpleasant to contemplate, and the quality of reticence is absolutely unknown to them. "The Triumph of Death," for example, just published in translation, is a book at once morbid and loathsome. It is not a presentation of life, but of the corruption that attends upon life, and seeks to make it impossible. The essential rottenness of the book condemns it, in spite of a certain brutal force and of two or three episodes that recall, in their treatment, the industrious cumulative methods of M. Zola, who is clearly the author's model.

Some months ago, an editorial article in "The Nation" pictured in impressive terms the fate of the too-popular novelist. The benumbing effects of a premature success upon the development of budding talent were set forth, and the several stages of the process of degradation were indicated. The lowest depths were reached when it became the writer's fate to be "syndicated" and invited to contribute to "The Ladies' Home Journal." This homily pointed the moral of many recent literary careers, and we cannot help calling it to mind after reading the latest novel by Dr. Conan Doyle. We are not sure that Dr. Doyle has written for the *Bok capharnaüm*, but there is no doubt that he has otherwise realized the conditions set forth by the moralist of "The Nation" and become a man so "syndicated" that there is small hope of his recovery by literature. "Rodney Stone," his latest novel, is a book which gets along without the motive of love by seeking for an adequate motive in the prize ring. Prize-fighting is the central theme, and most of the characters are either sluggers or their friends

and associates. Mr. George Meredith, it will be remembered, made a prize-fight a conspicuous episode in "The Amazing Marriage," and even his admirers found it hard to forgive him for the amazing breach of good taste. For the present writer, the extenuation of genius is hardly to be urged, and there is little to relieve the general condemnation that should fall to his glorification of the brute. The acceptable things about the book are its careful study of a typical English dandy of the beginning of the present century, and its clever *pastiche* of anecdote and reminiscence whereby something of the social atmosphere of the Napoleonic period is reproduced. For its occasional touches of a nobler national ideal than that of the pugilist the book shall not be dismissed without a word of qualified praise, but it is altogether unworthy of the pen that gave us "The White Company" and "Micah Clarke."

Sir Walter Besant's new novel deals with one of the socialist communities of the State of New York. There are some indications that the author had in mind the community established by Thomas Lake Harris, and made almost famous by its capture of Laurence Oliphant, while in other respects we are reminded of the indigenous community of the Shakers, recently seized upon for purposes of fiction by Mr. Howells. Be this as it may, "The City of Refuge" is an ingeniously-planned and well-told story, with much romantic interest and a happy outcome. It is a very characteristic production, and displays the author's mannerisms — his confidential tone, his expansiveness, and his curious trick of ringing verbal changes upon an idea — in every chapter.

In reading "Limitations," we are never for long allowed to forget that the author is also the author of "Dodo." Mr. Benson did not exactly introduce into our fiction the Dodo-trick of strained smartness, of overwrought epigram, and of preternaturally brilliant dialogue, but he made more use of it than most writers have done, and it gave his first book a distinctive *cachet*. "Limitations" opens in a way strongly suggestive of "Dodo," — although in this case the forced cleverness is attributed to a man — and one grows impatient after several chapters have done almost nothing to develop the story. A story appears in time, however, and proves readable enough, although its every element is of the most hackneyed sort. There is some fairly good shop-talk about art, some attractive description of Greek and English landscape, and some religious moralizing on the part of the hero that seems rather alien to his character and to the spirit of the work.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the ingenious author of "The Time Machine" and "The Island of Dr. Moreau," has turned the bicycle to literary uses in his story, "The Wheels of Chance." He is sure of a public, for the book appears at the psychological moment, and the thousands of riders who have recently conquered the "wheel" will take retrospective delight in comparing their own recent struggles with those of the hero of this "bicycling idyll." These strug-

gles have their humorous aspect, as those who have passed through them know, — and Mr. Wells has a peculiar gift for the expression of this sort of humor. His draper's assistant is not a hero of the romantic type, and it is something of an artistic triumph to have enlisted our sympathies so successfully in his behalf as the author has done. Even the heroine, albeit she wears bloomers (called "rationals" in the British dialect), and is a girl who wishes to live Her Own Life, turns out a winsome enough creature, and the risky situations offered by her escapade are handled with a delicacy which leaves no room for offence. The book makes unusually pleasant reading, and evinces a considerable literary talent. Its distinguishing features are its humor, its unconventionality, its scientific tinge, and its mildly satirical flavor.

The romance of imaginary history is a literary form that seems to find increasing favor. Mr. Louis Tracy has made a very readable book out of his idea of "The Final War" which is to inaugurate the era of world-wide peace and the rational arbitrament of international differences. The war which he has imagined breaks out in the spring of 1898, and its battlefields are scattered over a large part of the earth. France and Germany conspire for the overthrow of England and make a sudden attack upon her. Presently Russia joins in the unholy alliance, and England is made to fight single-handed against the three greatest of European powers until the United States throws its weight into the balance and makes the conditions more nearly even. The descent upon England is repulsed, and France and Germany in their turn take the defensive. The English occupy Havre and Stralsund, threatening Paris and Berlin. They also blow up the Suez Canal and hold the Straits of Gibraltar, thus making of the Mediterranean a lake within which a large part of the French fleet is confined. Russia is defeated at sea by an American fleet under Captain Mahan, and suffers disaster on the Indian frontier. Finally, the Saxon race triumphs everywhere, and forces a general European disarmament. There is so much fighting in the book that it grows tedious after a while, but the author achieves a certain emotional effect, and readers who believe that the future of civilization is bound up in the destinies of the Saxon will not escape an occasional thrill, in spite of the author's somewhat vainglorious manner, the unreality of his characterizations, and the inelegance, or worse, of his English.

Mr. Allen Upward's new romance of imaginary history is woven about the career of the late King of Bavaria — builder of castles and Mæcenas of the arts. The author begs us not to carry the comparison too far, and we cheerfully admit that his sketches of the brilliant monarch and his great composer-friend are made with a free hand. Mr. Upward's theme is that of the king eager to work for the good of his subjects, but so hedged about by ministers and prejudices and observances as to be unable to accomplish anything. This book, as well

as the "Majesty" of Heer Couperus and other books of the class, derives very distinctly from Herr Björnson's "Kongen," which set forth once for all the whole tragedy of the situation here involved. Mr. Upward's story gives but a feeble reflection of the power of its famous prototype.

The "higher politics" of the Balkan Peninsula has furnished Mr. Sydney C. Grier with a theme for one of the best romances of imaginary history that it has been our good fortune to read of recent years. "An Uncrowned King" is not a *roman à clef* in any strict sense, but it has admirably seized the spirit of the political situation in Southeastern Europe, of the uncertain aims of the struggling Balkan nationalities, of Russian intrigue and nominal Turkish suzerainty. An English nobleman is the hero of the story. He is offered a crown and accepts it, but his coronation is delayed by an inopportune conflagration which destroys the sacred edifice in which alone the Kings of Thracia may legally be crowned. Meanwhile Scythian (that is, Russian) plots are hatched all about the still vacant throne, the pretender governs for a while without reigning, and is finally swept away by a revolution. He proves to be a more opinionated ruler than was suspected by the astute politician who is responsible for his brief term of authority, and cares more for one Thracian maiden than for all the vain shows of royalty. He gets the maiden in the end, and loses the throne without a pang. The whole story is capitally put together, and is more than readable from beginning to end.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel takes us to his own imaginary Kingdom of Zenda, and tells of the romantic adventures of the Princess Osra, a young woman so beautiful that her career was one long series of devastations. No one could behold her, it seems, without becoming hopelessly enamored of her charms, and she took a most wicked delight in breaking the hearts of her admirers, sending them one after another to various kinds of deaths. Luckily, her own heart was made captive in the end, by an ingenious stratagem, and the story ends. This is fortunate, for it grows a bit tiresome, in spite of the author's many inventions, and the winsome quality of some of his ultra-romantic episodes.

The number of historical romances produced of late, dealing with the English Civil War, is quite extraordinary, and, with now and then an exception, they are as alike as the peas in a pod. There is always a young hero who girds on his sword at the outbreak of hostilities, and there is always a high-spirited maiden who treats him with more or less scorn at the outset to yield herself the more unreservedly in the sequel. The hero is usually a cavalier who contrives to save his neck after the overthrow of the royal cause. His adventures are always surprising, and include some act of personal devotion to the King and some sort of an interview with Cromwell. When we read these novels, we think of "Woodstock," and try not to make "odorous" comparisons. They are, as a rule, mildly exciting,

and that is all. Two such books of the regulation type are before us, "Amyas Egerton, Cavalier," by Mr. M. H. Hervey, and "Mistress Spitfire," by Mr. J. S. Fletcher. The former has the Carisbrooke chapter in the royal tragedy for its chief feature; the latter does not bring into particular prominence any important historical episode of the war, but is essentially private in its interest. In the latter, also, the hero is for once a Cromwellian, although the haughty damsel whom he woos is an ardent royalist. "Mistress Spitfire" is a very attractive book mechanically, for it bears the imprint of the Messrs. Dent, and all book-lovers know what that means.

"The Other House" is the most readable book that Mr. James has produced for some years — a result following from the exigencies of its purpose rather than from any deliberate eschewing of his inconclusive aims and methods. The obvious thing about the book is its dramatic structure. It is a play in three acts; the speakers are always conscious of being on the stage, and the reader is always conscious that the connective tissue of the story — the passages of description and analysis — have for their sole purpose the production of those impressions that the playgoer gets through the medium of eyesight. In other words, what we see as stage-setting and play of feature has somehow to be described in the book, and is described so skilfully as to keep the scene in all its details ever before the mental vision. In this aspect, the thing is so well done that adverse criticism is hardly possible. But the action of the story is not altogether natural, and the tragic climax finds us inadequately prepared. We realize from an early moment that the heroine is an emotional creature, and we may guess at the depths of passion that lie beneath the surface of her nature, but for all that we are hardly prepared to find her guilty of so diabolical a thing as the deliberate murder of the child of the man whom she loves. This is the artistic flaw in the plot, transforming into crude melodrama what starts out to be a successful comedy of manners.

Another two-volume novel by Mr. Marion Crawford attests the continued fertility of invention of that facile writer. It is the sort of story in which Mr. Crawford is always at his best, dealing, as it does, with Italian life and character. The narrative meanders smoothly along, with *festina lente* for its motto, and reaches an end when the hero has come to play a sufficiently important rôle to justify the use of his name for a title. We suspect that this novel is but the beginning of a series, and that we shall renew our acquaintance with Taquisara in the near future. We certainly hope to have this pleasure, for his character is both strong and interesting, and capable of a development that the author has not seen fit to give it within the limits of the present work.

In "A Matter of Temperament," Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson has given us a musical novel which is at the same time the presentation of a thesis. The book seeks to illustrate "the moral instability of

the artistic temperament" and to suggest the possible influence of music upon character. The result is a story interesting and even powerful, but a story which leaves the problem concerned very much as the author found it. For our part, we fully agree with Mr. Stevenson in ascribing an ethical influence to music (as to all other fine art), and are thus predisposed to accept whatever argument he has to offer. But to prove this point something more is needed than the embodiment of moral weakness in one or two characters who happen to be musicians. We miss the working out of cause and effect that ought to accompany such an effort as this, and we are by no means sure that the moral degradation of the hero would have been any less certain had he been a rank Philistine. The temperament of which this novel is chiefly a study seems to be a matter of essential character rather than a development in any way traceable to (although possibly accentuated by) the profession of its possessor. We are thus thrown back upon a consideration of the book as a mere piece of fiction, and in this aspect it proves to be a satisfactory piece of workmanship—a story honestly conceived, held firmly in hand, and carried out without any affectation.

"A Tame Surrender" is the title of Captain Charles King's latest novel. It is a story of the Chicago riots of 1894, and is made at the same time a quasi-military novel by the introduction of the Federal troops for the suppression of the disorder, and by the fact that the hero is an army officer. We are probably as yet too near to the exciting episodes of the summer of 1894 to view them in their proper perspective, and we think that Captain King has somewhat distorted the facts for the sake of literary effect. He also allows a little too much argument and discussion to creep into his story, and makes his irritation at the unfairness and brutality of Chicago journalism rather too much of a personal matter. But the story-telling instinct keeps him from going very far afield, and he succeeds in sustaining a marked degree of interest, although we are never permitted to penetrate very far into the personality of his characters.

The amateurish quality is quite evident in "The Metropolitans," and is not altogether ungrateful, for this quality usually connotes freshness if not finish. The scene is divided between New York and Greenland, and the Arctic passages have all the delightful irresponsibility of a writer who has "read up" two or three popular books of travel and fancies that he knows all about the regions described. The metropolitan scenes are drawn from life (as tempered by a young woman's romantic fancy), and arouse more interest than the story of the Arctic exploring party. As for the Hungarian dancer, who follows the hero to Greenland, she is a pretty and pathetic, but hardly a possible figure. The exigencies of the plot make it necessary that she should die before the party returns, and the writer does not hesitate about the sacrifice. The old device of the letter that never came is pressed into service,

not very skilfully, and the Greenland chapters follow as a consequence. The story is pleasantly told, and has the merit of a reasonably happy outcome.

The Dutch-Indian story of "Gold" is almost totally destitute of constructive art, and presents its leading characters in an outline so blurred that they never seem real to us. There are some passages of pretty sentiment about the tale, and something of the confidential sort of moralizing that is characteristic of another writer of Dutch stories, "Maarten Maartens." The scene is laid for the most part in the Dutch Indies, and there is no lack of local color. The story of the quest for gold in the mysterious kingdom of Moa is too confused to be satisfactory, and its use to point a moral is so evident that we cannot enjoy it as a narrative of pure adventure.

The collections of short stories that have appeared during the past few weeks are so numerous that it is impossible even to mention, much less do justice to them. Among the half-dozen to which our space permits a few words to be given, Mr. Bret Harte's volume must of course take precedence. In this volume there are eight stories of very unequal value, all but one dealing with the life of the mining-camp or the Spanish-American civilization of California. No one, as long as Mr. Harte is spared us, will have the hardihood to assert that the good stories are all told. He has a veritable cornucopia of them, and these latest offerings are almost as fresh as were the first-fruits of his inexhaustible fancy. And the amazing thing about it all is the fact that the author has for a quarter of a century seen little or nothing of the men and scenes that he depicts for us in so vivid a fashion.

Long experience has taught us about what to expect from a volume by Mr. Harte, but Mr. Chambers, the next author upon the list, has so agile an imagination that whatever a new book of his may turn out to be, it is not likely to resemble its predecessors. "The Maker of Moons" is a tale of mystery in a manner quite the author's own; while the six other tales that go with it, although they do not deal with the frankly impossible, are more or less fantastic in conception, and depend upon the unexpected for their charm. There is little finish about these stories, but a good deal of animation.

Miss Furman's "Stories of a Sanctified Town" are character sketches, to the number of a full dozen, from a small Kentucky community that has recently experienced the throes of a religious revival. They are written in a form of speech that is colloquial rather than dialectal, and offer no difficulties to the reader. Their humor is quiet and genuine, entertaining enough for a time, but becoming monotonous in the end.

There is no lack of variety in a sheaf of eight stories collectively entitled "A Mountain Woman," the work of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie. We are successively introduced to a series of typical figures, and each of them is portrayed with an amount of sympathetic insight that may fairly be called remark-

able. Among the figures in this gallery that make the deepest impression are those of the superb creature who dominates the titular story, of Jim Lancy and his wife, who met their Waterloo on a mortgaged Nebraska farm, and gave up the unequal struggle for subsistence after heroic efforts to get the better of fate, of a released convict who finds the woman of his love waiting for him after twenty dreary years of imprisonment, of the devoted servant of God, Father de Smet, of a miner who has "made his pile" in fifteen years "up the gulch," and has kept his soul alive during the process, and of "a lady of yesterday" whose story, or what little of it is told us, remains a tender and fragrant recollection. These stories are carefully finished work, and possess the quality of poetic pathos in quite unusual degree. In the distinction of their manner, as well as in their choice of scene, they suggest the work of Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote, and do not suffer in the comparison.

"The Lucky Number" is a volume of slum stories. This is not a very thrilling announcement, for slum stories are usually *vox* (in the form of illiterate dialogue) *et præterea nihil*. But Mr. Friedman, although he is bound to make some use of the speech of the gutter and the dive, does not make that jargon the *raison d'être* of his book, and shows in many passages that he can command good literary English. His stories are mostly very brief, and one or two of them are too painful for legitimate fiction, but the better ones are vital in their conception, and all are carefully elaborated. No beginner need be ashamed of "A Fair Exchange," and "Aaron Pivansky's Picture," the longest as well as the best stories in the collection. The sketches are realistic, but in a good sense, for they have a background of the culture that comes from good reading and careful reflection.

Another volume of very short stories comes to us from Mr. William Allen White, a Kansas journalist. They are truthful studies of Kansas life, with occasional touches of humor and a heavy burden of pathos. The general effect is almost as sombre as that produced by Mr. Howe's "Story of a Country Town" published some years ago, and in these tales of a drought-stricken region we find it difficult to recognize the "God's own country" of which Mr. R. M. Field has written so charmingly. But, as Mr. White reminds us, "Kansas is divided into three parts, differing as widely, each from the other, as any three countries in the same latitude on the globe." The sketches in this book are mainly of Western Kansas, "the only place where there is any suffering from drought or crop failures, a new country—old only in a pluck which is slowly conquering the desert."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

A SECOND edition of "Karma," by Dr. Paul Carus, has been issued by the Open Court Publishing Co. This book is a tale of early Buddhism, and the present edition is manufactured in Japan.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The first complete illustrated Flora of the United States.

One often hears that some new book supplies a long-felt want, and the phrase has grown so commonplace that we hesitate to use it. But we cannot escape from using it in the case of a volume now before us, so literal is the application, and so deeply-felt has been the want. The volume in question is the first of three to which the completed work will extend, and the title is as follows: "An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions" (Scribner). The authors are Judge Addison Brown and Professor Nathaniel Lord Britton, and the preparation has taken about six years. The entire work is ready for the press, and the second and third volumes may be expected without delay. This is the first complete illustrated "Flora" published in the United States. It includes all species, from the ferns upward, growing wild in the area which includes the continent from the Atlantic to the 102d Meridian, and from the parallel of the southern boundary of Virginia and Kentucky to the northern limits of Labrador and Manitoba. The number of species described and figured is over four thousand, scarcely one thousand of which have ever been figured before. The illustrations are simple cuts, reduced in scale as little as possible, and including all essential features, with enlargements of special parts. Three species to a page is the rule, except where the space is partly taken up by analytical keys and descriptions of groups. We have examined rather closely the figures given for a hundred or more species particularly familiar to us, and have only admiration for the success with which the typical characteristics have been reproduced. The classification used follows the best modern authorities, adopting for the most part the arrangement of Engler and Prantl. The systematic order of groups is strictly in accordance with the principles of evolution, and students familiar with the older books, such as Gray's "Manual," will rub their eyes at the rearrangements made necessary by the investigations of recent years. In consequence of this plan, the present volume begins with the ferns and their allies, then takes up the gymnosperms, the monocotyledonous angiosperms, and the "first families" of the dicotyledones. The Compositæ, as representing the most highly developed form of floral structure, will not appear until the close of the third volume. In nomenclature, a thorough revision has been made, following the rule of priority. This restores a good many old names, and clears away a great number of ill-considered later ones. English common names are given as far as possible, although the majority of these are anything but common in the sense of being generally familiar. We are much inclined to doubt the desirability of inserting such English names as "river-bank willow" (for *Salix fluviatilis*), which are nothing more than translations of the Latin names.

Names of this sort are almost never found in general use. In the matter of capitalization, the authors have been, we think, well-advised in using capitals for "specific or varietal names derived from persons and places, or used as the genitive of generic names or as substantives." This is the ordinary literary usage, and the arguments for it are much stronger than those against it. We have now summarized the leading features of this important work, and little more remains to be said. The work is so well done that it seems almost beyond criticism, except in matters too minute for consideration here. Every student of plant-life, and particularly every teacher of botany, will find it simply indispensable.

*Life and letters
of Jean F. Millet.*

The life of the painter Millet was written years ago, or partly written, by his friend Alfred Sensier; but the book has long been out of print, and is chiefly known to English readers through the abridged translation which appeared in "Scribner's Magazine," and was reprinted later by the Macmillan Co. Since M. Sensier wrote, a vast amount of information as to Millet has come to light, called forth mainly by his prodigious if belated vogue as a painter, and consisting largely of the personal recollections of those who knew him in life. A new biography has thus become indispensable; and the task of writing it has happily fallen into the diligent and sympathetic hands of Mrs. Henry Ady ("Julia Cartwright"), whose "Jean François Millet, his Life and Letters" is just issued in rather sumptuous form by the Macmillan Co. Millet's life-story is a pathetic one enough — the too common one of great gifts unappreciated, of masterpieces frowned down by academic prejudice and pedantry, of pearls cast before the unregarding multitude, of inspired works, destined in time to fetch their thousands and adorn the walls of national galleries, hawked about for a pittance in order that the painter's little ones might have a mouthful of bread. Truly Millet belongs to the "great company of sorrow." Yet he tasted at last a tardy triumph — saw fickle Paris crowding to view his once-despised canvases, and heard the chorus of praise raised by critics who had long denounced him as a charlatan, as a vulgar painter of bores, of *cretins*, of savages, even as a demagogue of the most dangerous type. Honor followed honor; and when the "great peasant" was dead, a statue of him was raised on the market-place at Cherbourg, where he may now be seen, gravely in imperishable bronze, gazing out over the seas and the coast he loved so well. "So the cripple Justice," wrote M. André Michel, "hobbling along on her crutches, arrives at last, and with a mournful smile lays her crown on the brows of the dead." Millet's personality was one of rare charm, and though a peasant by birth and early education, he was a man of culture. His letters are full of pregnant sentences, and indicate the literary instinct, the broad and generous view of life, and a poetic imagination of high order. His life is worth reading, and worth pondering; and we trust

Mrs. Ady's eloquent and matterful volume may find the favor it deserves. It is enriched by nine well-executed photogravures, comprising a portrait of Millet and eight of his principal works: "*Le Semeur*," "*Les Glaneuses*" ("The Angelus"), "*La Nuée de Corbeaux*," "*La Jeune Bergère*," "*La Sortie*," "*Le Retour*," and "*Les Lavandières*." The plates well represent the bent of the painter's genius.

*An excellent
short history
of Ireland.*

The useful "Cambridge Historical Series" (Macmillan) takes another step towards completion with Justice William O'Connor Morris's "*Ireland: 1494-1868*." We cannot commend too highly the spirit in which this book is written. It is no easy task for an Irishman writing the history of Ireland to assume a tone other than that of an impassioned advocate pleading her cause at the bar of nations. This pitfall Justice Morris has avoided; and the fact will especially commend his book to the American public now grown pardonably impatient of an appeal that for obvious reasons has unhappily come to ring not altogether true in its ears. The wail of the Hibernian patriot (once a magical "Open Sesame" to American hearts and purses) has lost much of its pristine pathos and potency in this land — thanks to a class of peculiarly obnoxious adventurers who have long notoriously sounded it solely with a view to their own personal use and emolument. Justice Morris's book is, what it should be, a dispassionate yet earnest and rationally patriotic recital of the leading events of the internal history of Ireland during the period treated. Irish history is not devoid of dramatic passages and picturesque incidents that would have inspired the pen of a Froissart; but it is not this side of it that is of most interest to the modern reader, who seeks history mainly as a key to existing conditions and issues; nor is this the side of it upon which our author chiefly dwells. To tell the story of the growth of the Irish people, to unfold the circumstances under which it has existed through many centuries and become what it is to-day, is his aim. We are acquainted with no other book of the scope and compass of Justice Morris's little manual which tells Ireland's pathetic and instructive story half so well, either in point of style or of matter; and the book forms a striking example of the merits of the useful series to which it belongs. The Appendix contains a serviceable list of authorities, and there is a good folding-map of Ireland.

*Collected
essays.*

We think it a difficulty in Mr. Brander Matthews's new volume of essays "*Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism*" (Harper), that he is not serious enough. A man who was serious would not (so far as we can judge) think that Zola, Coppée, Halévy, and Charles Dudley Warner are aspects of fiction, even when introduced and ended up by matters which might more properly be so called. Nor does it seem to us serious for a man of Mr. Matthews's position

to offer to the world "ventures in criticism." If he merely ventures, who is going to take hold boldly and confidently and really do the thing? There are, of course, different kinds of seriousness, and the greater number of them are very dull. We would not have Mr. Matthews suddenly become dull. But one may have a serious purpose and yet be entertaining. This book of essays is certainly entertaining; judged as we judge magazine articles (from which the book is mainly made up) it is excellent, — entertaining, well-put, sound, and what not else that it should be. But it says little that remains by one. It is made up of passing thoughts rather than lasting ideas. In other words, Mr. Matthews has not, on the whole, set himself to thinking about anything that is worth thinking about for any length of time, and so his book is no more than a contribution to the magazine literature so common nowadays. It is so easy now to write something, to get it printed, and (strangely enough) to get people to read it, that the temptation to do what is not worth doing is very strong. Of these thirteen essays, several are worthy a longer life than they have already had, but not a life much longer. There are some books a man of culture is foolish not to read. "Essays in Criticism" is one of them; or, if we want something nearer home, let us say "Among my Books." They make some addition to our mental furniture. They remain with us or continually return to us. But one might read Mr. Matthews's book with great pleasure, and a week afterwards search his mind for something therefrom resulting, and find but little. Now we should like to have someone in this country write a really fine volume of essays, a volume that would compel admiration; and we think Mr. Matthews ought to feel it his duty to do so. He knows enough, for he is a professor of literature in one of our great Universities; and that he is able to express himself, this volume bears witness. A certain dervish once addressed himself to a red-headed woodpecker, saying, "Instead of continually tapping at that tree in a way that annoys me, pray tear in pieces this oak which lies across the path I wish to travel." But the woodpecker continued to tap the tree; for he not only liked better to do so, but had other reasons.

*The literature
of Fencing
and Duelling.*

Mr. Carl A. Thimm's "Complete Bibliography of Fencing and Duelling, as Practised by all European Nations from the Middle Ages to the Present Day" (John Lane) is an elaborate, handsomely equipped work, that betokens much painstaking research on the part of its author. In England the art and practice of fencing, long seemingly moribund, seems to have shown of late years unmistakable signs of revival. This revival, bringing with it an interest in the rather copious and generally unfamiliar literature of the subject, has created a need for a work like the present one — that is, for a systematic and fairly exhaustive guide or index to that literature. Whether or not such a guide is needed in this country, we do not undertake to say; but we have no

doubt at all that Mr. Thimm's is by far the best one obtainable. Mr. Thimm is not without predecessors in his somewhat curious line of research, — such men as Pallavicini in the seventeenth century, Kahn in the eighteenth, Roux and Possellier in the earlier part of the present one, having published bibliographies of works touching the swordsman's art; but these books contained at best but snippets of information on a very wide subject. Mr. Thimm's immediate predecessor is M. Vigeant, the Parisian *maître d'armes* and *littérateur*, author of an elegant little book entitled "La Bibliographie de l'Escrime, Ancienne et Moderne." M. Vigeant's is a trustworthy account of French works, but it cannot compete with that of Mr. Thimm in point of general completeness. The latter bibliography is intended as a work of reference for all interested in fencing and duelling, bayonet exercise, etc., the author having accepted the definition that the subject of fence embraces "all works relating to the art of offence and defence with all weapons *held in the hands*" — that is, of all non-ballistic or non-projectile weapons, from foil to bayonet, and from dagger to battle-axe. The volume also enumerates all books and manuscripts relating to duelling, together with newspaper and magazine articles in point that have fallen under the author's observation. The volume is of considerable pictorial and quasi-pictorial interest, as it contains facsimile reproductions of rare title-pages, frontispieces, portraits of certain leading experts and masters ancient and modern, etc. There is also a well-executed portrait of the compiler.

*Some social
phosphorescence.*

"The Epistolary Flirt" (Way & Williams), by Esmerie Amoré, is a work which will be found amusing, interesting, instructive, melancholy, trivial, revolting (or several other things), according to the person who reads it. This is a sadly subjective opinion to give; but when you consider that the book presents, in a manner both witty and sufficiently true to nature, an illustration of that very characteristic feature of American life indicated in the title, you will see reason for it. With the subject-matter we are all familiar, and according as we feel more or less strongly about it, and according as our feeling for the subject-matter overrides our feeling about the book, so will we require one of the above predicates, or some other. Considered objectively, the book may be called, not epoch-making, but, like other works of genius, epoch-made. It is a *confession d'une enfance du siècle*, a book which in The History of Literature will need no date. It is a curious thing that America, "the paradise of those whom belated nations still call the weaker sex," should also be the country which offers the best specimens of this iridescent social beetle of flirtation. Whether such shallow pretence and mock excitement as is sternly portrayed by the present Juvenal is really worse in its effects than the demi-virginal state of things which, we are taught to believe, exists in older and more putrescent civiliza-

tions, may be doubtful. Judged by itself, the book gives something of the impression of a pretty young girl who uses rouge. The inexperienced might doubt the existence of so sad a state of things as is here portrayed, were it not for a ring of sincerity in the pages. The author, maybe, is, or has been, like Bellair, who

"By day deplored with Chloe sage
The follies of the passing age;
By night with Daphne at the ball
Proceeded to commit them all."

But whether our author writes from experience or from observation, we think the book will best be read to the accompaniment of reminiscence. And as this sauce can doubtless be furnished by the large majority of those who buy and read books, we have great confidence in commending the present work to a large audience.

*A disappointing
reference book.*

Mrs. Molineux's "Browning Phrase Book" (Houghton) is too incomplete to be satisfactory. It scarcely answers the purpose of a concordance, because it does not undertake to give all the passages in which any given word occurs; it does not serve the uses of the student who wishes to locate notable or familiar passages, because the selections seem to have been made without reference to their quality; its value is limited to readers who happen to use the "Riverside" or "Cambridge" editions of Browning, owing to its reference by pages to these editions and no others. Doubtless this last defect is unavoidable, since there exists no text of Browning which is standard, like the "Globe" Shakespeare; but the other matters are less excusable. Why, for example, under the word "Pause" do we get so slightly significant a line from "The Ring and the Book" as "This recreative pause and breathing-while," and no mention of Pompilia's famous line from the same poem (and one so significant of Browning's habit of thought), "No work begun shall ever pause for death"? This is typical of dozens of similar cases; in fact, after having had the book at hand for some time, and after frequent applications to it for aid in placing choice quotations, the result has been highly discouraging. It would have been better for the publishers to wait longer in the hope of a better book, and one that would spare the reader such frequent exasperation of a vain search.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Professor Peabody of Harvard has done a kind act in giving to the public his "Mornings in the College Chapel" (Houghton). The addresses are swift arrows for the flying moments of a crowded week day, and they are well aimed: sententious and epigrammatic, to help the memory bear away the message; artistic in form, as becomes the classic chapel of our venerable university; calm and serene in tone, to "quiet the fever and pain," and lead to reflection and reverence; solid, manly, and wholesome in substance; catholic and sincerely Christian

in teaching. Any religious instructor who wishes to catch the ear of eager youth in our busy age would do well to have this book by his side.

A collection of "Modern Political Orations," edited by Mr. Leopold Wagner, has been published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The examples are all English, and extend from Brougham and Macaulay to Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone. We note also the publication of a second volume of Professor J. A. Woodburn's new edition of Johnston's "American Orations." This volume is devoted exclusively to the slavery controversy, and extends from Rufus King to Charles Sumner.

"The Elementary Study of English" (Harper), by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, is an excellent little manual of "hints for teachers" in the lower grades of school work. It is designed to accompany and explain the several volumes of selected readings that have from time to time been edited by Dr. Rolfe. Thoroughly practical and sensible in its suggestions, this small book may be recommended without qualification. We have had of late a good deal of writing about the teaching of the higher English, but elementary work deserves its share of attention, and such books as this are of the most helpful sort.

Two important scientific works for the art-student are issued by the Macmillan Co. The first is a handbook of human anatomy, by Professor Arthur Thomson, lecturer on anatomy in the art training-school at South Kensington, England. It aims to give, in place of the usual systematic anatomy, a treatment of the parts of particular regions as these are related to the moulding of surface forms, with illustrations by anatomical plates and by photography. The art student thus gets precisely that form of anatomical knowledge which he most needs, with the practical application of it to his work. The second work, "Studies in the Art Anatomy of Animals," by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, is a somewhat similar treatment of the lower animals, domestic and wild, including a section on the art-anatomy of birds. The work is in atlas form, with many full-page plates. The treatment of hair and fur, from the scientific as well as the artistic point of view, is a noticeable and novel feature.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have published the fourth and final volume of Mr. Moncure D. Conway's edition of "The Writings of Thomas Paine." "The Age of Reason," with many illustrative documents, is the chief work included in this volume, which also derives peculiar interest from the "General Introduction" of the editor, in which he embodies his latest discoveries. He says in conclusion: "Here then close my labors on the history and the writings of the great Commoner of Mankind, founder of the Republic of the World, and emancipator of the human mind and heart, Thomas Paine." Mr. Conway is to be congratulated upon his successful rehabilitation of a great character in our national life, and upon the untiring industry which has resulted in this noble edition of Paine's writings.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have reissued their edition of "A History of France," by Victor Duruy. The translation is an abridgment of the French edition of 1884, and is made by Mrs. M. Carey. Professor J. F. Jameson provides an "introductory notice" and a supplementary chapter bringing the history down to the present year. The work is one of the best of the shorter histories of France, and in its present two-volume form, abundantly illustrated, ought to prove acceptable to a great number of readers.

LITERARY NOTES.

With the beginning of this year "The Open Court" becomes a monthly. The numbers will be about four times as large as formerly, and the price of subscription remains unchanged.

"The Peasantry" ("Les Paysans") is the latest volume in the Dent-Macmillan edition of Balzac. The translation is by Miss Ellen Marriage, and there is the usual introduction by Mr. Saintsbury.

Mr. Edward Freiberger is engaged upon a "History of the Drama in Chicago" for the Dunlap Society of New York, and will be glad to receive play-bills, reminiscences, or other materials bearing upon the subject. His address is P. O. Box 308, Chicago.

Four new volumes in the uniform edition of Mr. J. M. Barrie's writings are at hand. They contain "A Window in Thrums," "An Edinburgh Eleven," "The Little Minister," and the first half of "Sentimental Tommy." Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

There have been many editions of Irving's "Alhambra," but none prettier, we should say, than that now published by the Macmillan Co., with drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and an introduction by Mrs. Pennell. The volume is of convenient size for handling, and moderate in cost.

"English Essays," edited by Mr. J. H. Lobban, is a new volume in "The Warwick Library" (imported by Scribner). It includes the usual introduction, extending to about sixty pages, and selections running from Bacon to Lamb, and comprising nearly fifty numbers, taken from seventeen writers.

Mr. Arthur Waugh's extremely satisfactory edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" (imported by Scribner) is brought to a conclusion with the sixth volume, just published. There is a very full index. The merits of this edition are found in its unobtrusive notes, its series of portraits, and the convenient size of its volumes.

"The Pilgrim's Progress," printed on India paper at the Oxford Press, and brought thereby into the compass of a diminutive volume about two inches square, is a marvel of compactness, and a fitting companion to the "Imitation," published last year in the same form. The booklet is half an inch thick, and contains nearly nine hundred pages.

Volume III. of the "Old South Leaflets," comprising twenty-five numbers, has just been sent out by the Directors of the Old South Work. Among the more important of these leaflets are "The Monroe Doctrine," "Hamilton's Report on the Coinage," and the group relating to Cromwell, Pym, Vane, Eliot, and other leaders of the movement against the Stuart tyranny.

The Macmillan Company publish "The Kings," edited by Mr. R. G. Moulton, in "The Modern Reader's Bible," and two volumes of a new and pretty series of "Temple Classics." Southey's "Nelson" and Wordsworth's "Prelude" are the two classics chosen to begin this series, and Mr. Israel Gollancz is the editor, as he was of the "Temple" Shakespeare so recently completed.

"Americana-Germanica" is the title of a new quarterly review which comes from the University of Pennsylvania, and is edited by Professor M. D. Learned, with the collaboration of many well-known Germanic scholars. Its scope comprises the literary, linguistic, and cultural relations of Germany and America, as well as Germanic studies in general. At first thought, one may doubt the

existence of the field for a review of this magnitude, but an examination of the contents of this critical number will go far to dispel such a doubt, and to give the editors cause for congratulation. Literary studies of "Charles Sealsfield" and Freiligrath, a philological paper or two, and some good reviews make up the contents. The articles are written in English and German.

Three years ago Mr. James Rhoades published the first half of a new translation of the "Æneid." The second part of the work, comprising Books VII. to XII., is now at hand, and the poem is complete. Mr. Rhoades has produced a good but not a great blank verse translation of the famous epic—one that reads smoothly, has no little poetic fire, and commands respect.

One of the handsomest private editions ever produced in this country has just been issued from the University Press of Cambridge—"The Merchant Prince of Cornville, a Comedy," by Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago. The play is one in which an original and rather interesting type is brought upon the stage in the titular character, and the development of his traits and eccentricities affords opportunity for some novel and amusing situations. The work is, in its present form, presumably intended as a "reading play" rather than one for the stage, and is modestly put forward by the author as having been written as a diversion from the pursuits of business, and intended for private distribution only.

Among the new features of "The Academy," in its rejuvenated form, is an original method of reviewing books for boys. The reviewer pretends to be a boy himself, and discourses after such fashion as this: "'Harold the Norseman' is simply a ripping story about Harold Haardraada, King of Norway, who was bowled out at last by the other Harold at the battle of Stamford Bridge with Tostig, who was a bit of a bouncer. The story is just as good as history because the writer has taken it from the old poet Johnnies [Our esteemed correspondent means, we have reason to believe, that the author has drawn his material from the old Norse Sagas, and we endorse his encomium.—Ed.] This book tells you all about the Vikings, how they lived and hunted and fought; and you feel that it is all real, because the writer has taken it all from the chaps who saw it done. The story of how Harold scored off that rotten Emperor at Constantinople is awfully exciting, but indeed the whole story is good from beginning to end."

The appearance in bound form of the fifth volume of the "Land of Sunshine" evidences the substantial progress which this bright magazine is making, and gives us opportunity to repeat our previous commendations of it as one of the two best periodicals published on the Pacific Coast. San Francisco has in "The Argonaut" one of the strongest and most interesting weekly papers in the United States; and Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California, has in the "Land of Sunshine" a magazine wholly unlike any other published anywhere, charming in appearance and entertaining in contents, which affords one of the best evidences of the growth of enterprise and culture the place has been able to present. The editor, Mr. Charles F. Lummis, is an authority on the life and antiquities of the Southwest, and his graphic articles are an important feature of the magazine; while his editorial notes, though a little free and breezy, have a tone and manner that renders them unlikely to be overlooked by the most casual reader.

Over all the magazine the "local color" is laid rather thick, — but who that knows and loves Southern California can get too much of its color and its sunshine?

THE BOOK-WORM.

To heroes who on battle-fields win fame
We do not grudge the lordly lion's name;
Those who, insensible to others' cares,
Are always rough and surly, we call bears;
And those who learn no lesson from what passes
The ever dull and stupid, we call asses.
All claim to be a lion I resign,
And shun all bearish traits and asinine;
Nature has cast me for another part,
And I embrace my lot with all my heart;
To satisfy an ever-craving need,
All day upon the leaves of books I feed,
And then by night I find a resting-place
In what by day appeared of books a case;
Thus day and night I think my title firm
To be that busy idler — a book-worm.

C. W. PEARSON.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1897 (First List).

Allen, James Lane. Edith B. Brown. *Atlantic*.
Am. Institutions, Dutch Origin of. S. G. Fisher. *Lippincott*.
Atlantic Cable, Making and Laying of an. *McClure*.
Athens, Modern, Public Spirit in. D. Bikélas. *Century*.
Authorship, Composite. S. R. Elliott. *Dial*.
Burns's Poems, Religion of. A. W. Cross. *Arena*.
Child-Study, Contributions to. M. V. O'Shea. *Educator's Rev.*
Constantinople Massacres, The. *Scribner*.
Department Store, The. *Scribner*.
Emerson Sixty Years after. J. J. Chapman. *Atlantic*.
English Society. George W. Smalley. *Harper*.
Fiction, Recent. William Morton Payne. *Dial*.
Finance and Currency. Herman Haupt. *Arena*.
Finance, Public, Duty of Congress Regarding. *Rev. of Rev.*
Fog Possibilities. Alexander McAdie. *Harper*.
Franchise in America, Struggle for the. F. N. Thorpe. *Harper*.
Franklin, Benjamin. W. P. Trent. *McClure*.
Grant at West Point. Hamlin Garland. *McClure*.
Historical Society of Chicago, The. *Dial*.
Illiteracy of American Boys. E. L. Godkin. *Educational Rev.*
Infancy and Education, Meaning of. N. M. Butler. *Ed. Rev.*
Kipling, Rudyard, Poetry of. C. E. Norton. *Atlantic*.
Leubach, the Painter. Edith Cones. *Century*.
"Logic, Infallible." Joseph Jastrow. *Dial*.
MacDowell, Edward A. Henry T. Finck. *Century*.
Marrying in 15th Century. Emily B. Stone. *Lippincott*.
Medicine and Surgery, A Court of. A. B. Choate. *Arena*.
Memorials of American Authors. J. E. Chamberlin. *Atlantic*.
Negro, American, Degeneracy of the. Fred'k Starr. *Dial*.
Negro Folk-Lore and Dialect. W. S. Scarborough. *Arena*.
Nelson in the Battle of the Nile. A. T. Mahan. *Century*.
Park-Making as a National Art. Mary C. Robbins. *Atlantic*.
Philosophy in American Colleges. A. C. Armstrong, Jr. *Ed. Rev.*
Portuguese Progress in So. Africa. Poultney Bigelow. *Harper*.
Rochefort Henri, Memoirs of. *Dial*.
Rome, Literary Landmarks of. Laurence Hutton. *Harper*.
Science at Beginning of Century. H. S. Williams. *Harper*.
Social Betterment, A Century of. J. B. McMaster. *Atlantic*.
Social Conditions, Bettering of. Theo. Roosevelt. *Rev. of Rev.*
Southern Life, Dominant Forces in. W. P. Trent. *Atlantic*.
Speech and Speech-Reading for the Deaf. *Century*.
Thackeray's Home and Haunts. Eyre Crowe. *Scribner*.
Theatre-Going in St. Petersburg. Isabel Haggood. *Lippincott*.
Voice-Photography. Laura C. Dennis. *Rev. of Reviews*.
War, Absurdity of. E. L. Godkin. *Century*.
Whitman, Walt. George C. Cook. *Dial*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 125 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

John Wellborn Root: A Study of his Life and Work. By Harriet Monroe. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 291. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.
The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville. Edited by the Comte de Tocqueville; trans. by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 406. Macmillan Co. \$4.50.
George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 333. Harper & Bros. \$3.
Grover Cleveland. By James Lowry Whittle. With portraits, 12mo, uncut, pp. 240. "Public Men of To-Day." Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25.
In Bohemia with Du Maurier: The First of a Series of Reminiscences. By Felix Moscheles; with 63 original drawings by G. Du Maurier. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 146. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.
Joseph Thomson, African Explorer. By his brother, Rev. J. B. Thomson; with contributions by friends. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 358. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
Personal Recollections and Observations. By General Nelson A. Miles. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 591. The Werner Co. (Sold only by subscription.)
The Life of Roger Sherman. By Lewis Henry Boutell. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 361. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.
Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection. By Edward B. Poulton, M.A. 12mo, pp. 224. "Century Science Series." Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
Richard Cameron. By John Herkless. 16mo, pp. 152. "Famous Scots." Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

HISTORY.

Undercurrents of the Second Empire (Notes and Recollections). By Albert D. Vandam. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 432. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
Italy in the Nineteenth Century, and the Making of Austro-Hungary and Germany. By Elizabeth Wormalde Latimer. Illus., 12mo, pp. 436. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.50.
The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. II., Acadia: 1612-1614; illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 310. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co. \$3.50.
The Balkans: Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. By William Miller, M.A. Illus., 12mo, pp. 476. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. By Abram C. Dayton. Illustrated edition; 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 386. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
The Story of Canada. By J. G. Bourinot, LL.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 463. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
The Age of the Crusades. By James M. Ludlow, D.D. 12mo, pp. 389. "Ten Epochs of Church History." Christian Literature Co. \$2.
Old South Leaflets. Vol. III., Nos. 51 to 75. 12mo. Boston: Directors of the Old South Work.
Causes of the Maryland Revolution of 1689. By Francis Edgar Sparks, A.B. 8vo, pp. 109. "Johns Hopkins University Studies." Paper, 50 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Lectures on French Literature. Delivered in Melbourne. By Irma Dreyfus. With portrait, 8vo, uncut, pp. 471. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4 net.
Sophocles, the Plays and Fragments. With Critical Notes, Commentary, and Translation in English Prose, by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D. Part VII., The Ajax; 8vo, uncut, pp. 258. Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.
History of English Literature. From the Fourteenth Century to the Death of Surrey. By Bernhard ten Brink; edited by Dr. Alois Brandl; trans. by L. Dora Schmitz. Vol. II., Part II.; 12mo, pp. 309. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.
The Elder Pliny's Chapters on the History of Art. Trans. by K. Jex-Blake; with Commentary and Historical Introduction by E. Sellers. With frontispiece, 8vo, uncut, pp. 253. Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.

The Relation of Literature to Life. By Charles Dudley Warner. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 320. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

A Mountain Town in France: A Fragment. By Robert Louis Stevenson; with illustrations by the author. 8vo, uncut, pp. 46. John Lane. Paper, \$1.50.

The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry: A Collection of Love Poems for Every Day in the Year. By Horace Parker Chandler. Third series: Poems of the Other Life; in two vols., 12mo, gilt tops. Roberts Bros. \$2.50.

English Essays. With Introduction by J. H. Lobban. 12mo, pp. 267. "Warwick Library." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The Poetry of Sport. Selected and edited by Hedley Peck; with chapter on Classical Allusions to Sport by Andrew Lang, and Special Preface to the Badminton Library by A. E. T. Watson. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 420. "Badminton Library." Little, Brown, & Co. \$3.50.

National Epics. By Kate Milner Rabb. 12mo, pp. 398. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

In the Garden of Peace. By Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton); illus. by E. H. New. 12mo, uncut, pp. 182. John Lane. \$1.50.

Bibliographica: A Magazine of Bibliography. Part XI; illus., large 8vo, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets.)

In My Lady's Name: Poems of Love and Beauty. Compiled and arranged by Charles Wells Moulton. With frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 394. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Caliban: A Philosophical Drama Continuing Shakespeare's "The Tempest." By Ernest Réman; trans. by Eleanor Grant Vickery; with Introduction by Willis Vickery. LL.B. 8vo, uncut, pp. 68. New York: The Shakespeare Press.

The Forms of Discourse. With an Introductory Chapter on Style. By William B. Cairns, A.M. 12mo, pp. 336. Ginn & Co. \$1.25.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Sartor Resartus. By Thomas Carlyle. With portrait, 8vo, uncut, pp. 250. "Centenary Edition." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

"Thistle" Edition of the Works of J. M. Barrie. New vols.: *A Window in Thrums* and *An Edinburgh Eleven*, one vol.; *The Little Minister*, two vols.; and *Sentimental Tommy*, Vol. I. Each illus. in photograph, 12mo, gilt top, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only by subscription.)

Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. Edited by E. K. Chambers; with Introduction by H. C. Beeching. In two vols., 18mo, gilt tops, uncut. "The Muses' Library." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

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